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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE"
by
Madame Vigée Le Brun

March 1925

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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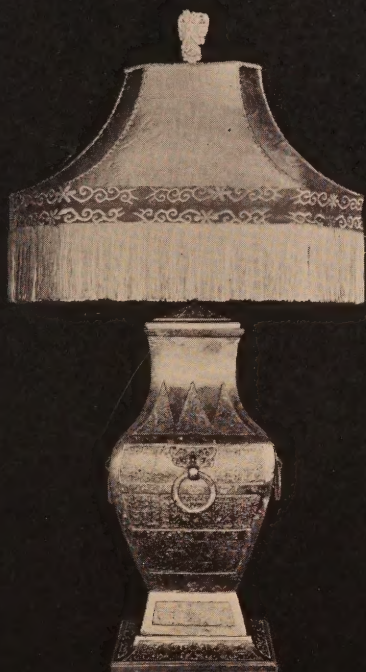
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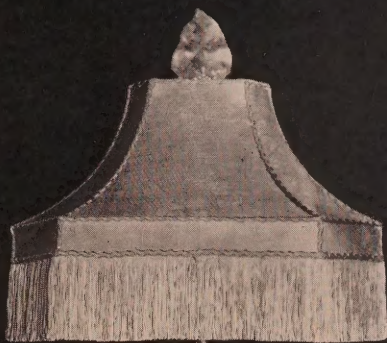
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"SPRING"

by

John E. Gostigan

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume
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March 1925

GOSTIGAN, American Pastoralist

THE QUESTION of pictorial material often proves to be a vexatious issue for the man who lives by his brush. The search for proper subject matter may easily involve him in a nomadic existence until he discovers some *endroit* where he can settle down to his quarrying of form and color without let or hindrance. Like those seekers for beauty who made the Fontainebleau forest famous by sojourning in it and painting its depths, John E. Costigan has found his setting and subject matter within the limits of his own wooded acres in Orangeburg, New York. There, with his little family, he leads a truly pastoral existence among his sheep and goats and paint-pots.

After a preliminary wandering among the schools and bazaars of the art world, this young American artist followed the promptings of his nature and took shelter among the woods and meadows of rural New York, where he might spend his days and nights in study of the seasons in their voluminous beauty. And perhaps the secret of his success lies in just this devotion to duty—to the painter's task of communing ever more

A painter who has made his own Barbizon and living there content, has developed an unusual technique

RALPH FLINT

deeply with nature until the mind becomes "divinely bent to meditation."

Mr. Costigan stands a unique figure among contemporary American painters, in the poignant pastor-

ality of his art and in the manner of pigmentation which he employs. While there are landscapists without number in every section of the United States sincerely bent to their various pictorial tasks, there probably is none dwelling in greater *rapprochement* with natural beauty than he. Like some Attic shepherd wandering quietly with his charges through gentle copses and meadows and sitting happily beside melodious streams through un-

counted hours, unconconscious, beyond the bare facts, that a world of contentious interests is shuttling through time and space just over the edge of his horizon, this twentieth-century tender of sheep moves about his beloved homestead in daily contemplation of leaf and flower, ripple and cloud, flock and family, noting each subtle aspect of change and growth against some future occasion in the studio when a new picture shall come to pass.

Since his first appearance at the Babcock Galleries some

"PEELING APPLES"

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

Courtesy of the Babcock Galleries





"EARLY SPRING"

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

"LANDSCAPE WITH FLOWERS"

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN





"WINTER SHADOWS" (WATER COLOR)

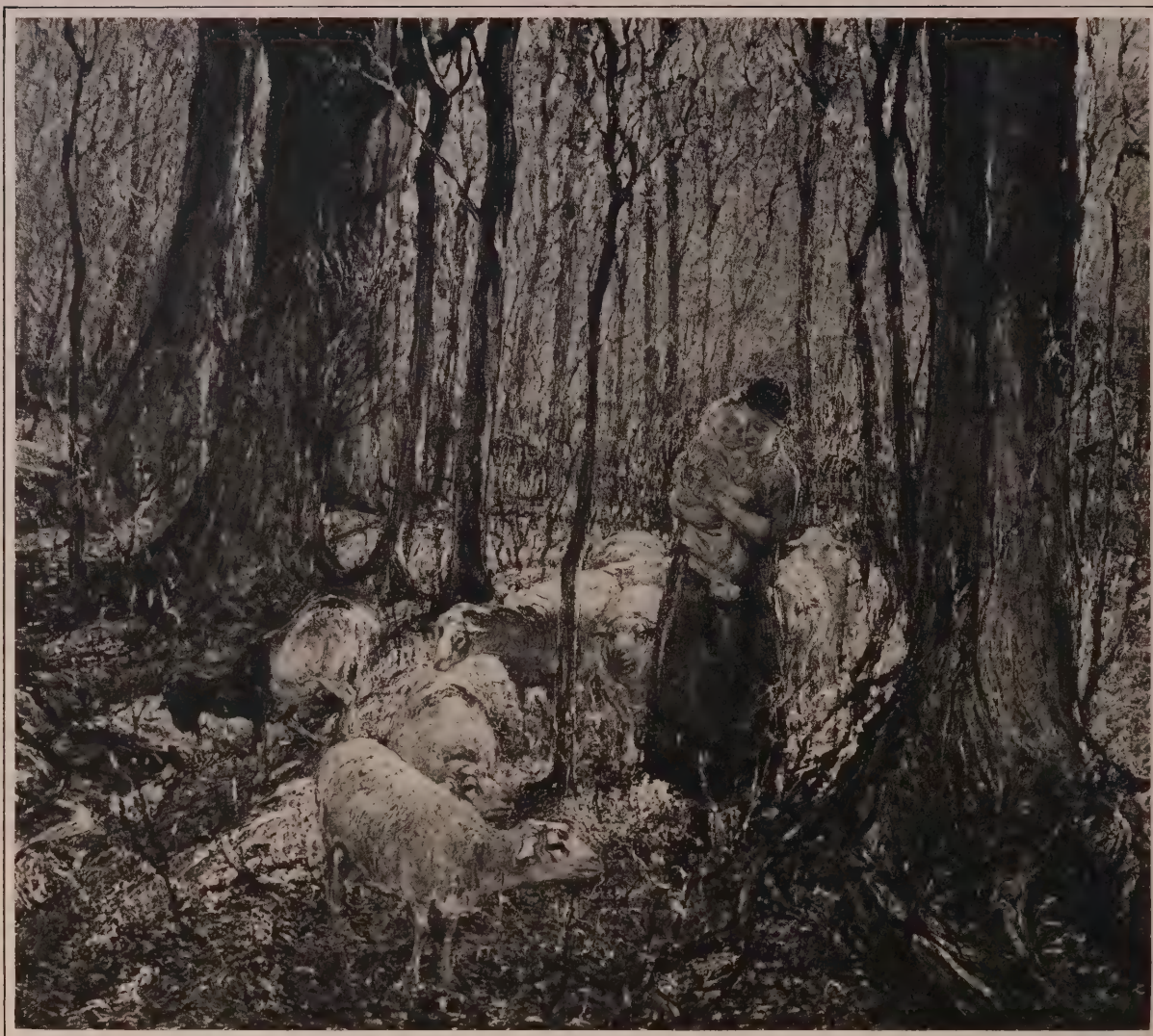
BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

"DOWN-STREAM" (WATER-COLOR)

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN



eight years ago Mr. Costigan has grown steadily in ability and reputation. His style has ceased to be a matter of wonderment or even concern, and the success of his first one-man show, held this season at the Rehn Galleries, was not surprising to those who had watched him develop from year to year. Of course some inherent need for particular accent or quality lies back of the peculiar way in which he manipulates his medium, for such habits of procedure are but externalized processes of pictorial reasoning. From the very beginning, when attempting to sketch in oil pigments, he was drawn toward the idea of load-



"EARLY SPRING"

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

ing his paint with a palette knife in order to secure a greater body of tone and a wider range of effect. He developed a technique, based on the *impasto* of the palette knife, which gradually grew into an exuberant loading of the pigments with the brush in the vibratory manner of the Impressionists.

Closely examined, the Costigan canvases present a puzzling surface to the layman. Hillocks of paint rise and fall like some raised topographical map, with channels and grooves darting here and there in apparently wild confusion. Let the painting, however, be seen at a proper distance, and these corrugations blend into a seemingly smooth construction where order and reason obtain. But this lavish display of pigment is not made with any desire to *épater le bourgeois*, nor is it through any personal predilection of the artist for Penelope's classic contrariness that he raises his promontories and headlands of paint only to have them sink away when the picture is seen at a normal

range. A distinct purpose lies imbedded in this Costigan technique which gives his paintings a wonderful carrying power. When seen beside pictures done in the usual flat manner, the coruscating, shimmering surfaces which he achieves with his heaped-up pigments are particularly effective and quite justify his technical procedure.

Thematically Mr. Costigan is as simple as he is technically involved. He has an almost Wordsworthian attitude toward the natural beauties that surround him. He puts their simplicities into strokes that sing with the same earnest emotion as do the phrases of the English poet. His art approaches, too, the deepness of Millet's pastorals, save that the Frenchman's melancholy is absent. Costigan celebrates the beauty of living humbly and contentedly, close to mother-earth, in a sort of self-appointed peasantry. He is a pictorial harvester bringing into the storehouse the fruits of his observation and meditation, gathered on the daily round of his little world.



"EARLY MORNING IN THE FIELDS"

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

His wisdom has led him to find at his very threshold the essentials of his calling, and his penetration has led him to make the most of that which lay at hand.

It is in the woods that this painter finds his happiest subject matter. There, among the tangled branches and brush-wood, he sets himself to study the endless variations of sunlight and shadow as the touch of the seasons revolves the pageantry of leaf and light. It is here that the need for a special technique must have come to the painter. To represent the wonder of sunlight in its soft descent through countless layers of leafy boughs, when individual form almost disappears in a general translucency, or to seize the prismatic glitter of sun-shafts streaking through some bosky dell when twig and trunk, leaf and petal each have their high-light and shadow were an impossibility in a photographic sense. And so, in emulation of the feathery, fairy-like scenes within the woods, a glancing, interlacing way of painting

evolved within the studio; and—*mirabile dictu*—the transference of sunlit wood to canvas was an accomplished fact.

It is seldom, however, that Mr. Costigan leaves his foregrounds untenanted. The usual occupants of these vantage points are his family and flock. In earlier years the figure of a woman, a struggling file of sheep or goats at her feet as she wandered through the woods, appeared times without number; her reddish skirt and dark bodice became a familiar accent in his compositions. Since the arrival of an heir to the Costigan homestead, the many guises of motherhood have engaged his brush, and now as the heroine of the story roams the woodland paths she bears on her shoulders the little son or holds him high above her head in fond affection, quite unmindful of the straying animals. He treats his dumb companions with the same pictorial interest as his wife and child, and the sheep and goats and cows are invariably as intimately rendered as they. Mr.



"WINTER"

BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

Costigan's paintings will never cause the cataloguer's much difficulty in the way of chronological sequence, for in them his menage in all its stages is on record. Lock, stock and barrel, the Costigan household stands revealed.

It is but natural that Mr. Costigan should feel the deepest admiration for John Singer Sargent's "Hermit," perhaps the greatest rendition of a woodland interior in all art. This famous canvas, which hangs in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is a point of pilgrimage whenever he comes to town. He places this Sargent as his favorite painting, and goes to the Museum to stand before this consummate summary of forest forms in rapt attention, as still and observant as if he were in his own sun-shot glades, learning bit by bit to make his hold on art and nature more secure.

In patient, studious hours of closest attention has the way unfolded to this painter. Like Turner, he likes to sit hour by hour watching

some tricky piece of foliage as it turns in the wind or some point in the brook where it slips out of its winter sheathing of ice with quaint and unexpected turn. This is what gives his seemingly unstudied tapestries of color their authenticity. In design, too, Mr. Costigan is well versed. The canvases in his show at Rehn's were strong in unified and unusual pattern, several of them indicating an advancing sense of subject matter and composition. He takes his place, therefore, among the most interesting of contemporary American painters because of his pioneering along a new direction in representation, for having evolved an individual and telling technique to meet a direct pictorial need, for making his own Barbizon and dwelling a happy master therein, and for the deep and abiding sense of beauty with which he invests his canvases.

*Color plate and photographs except where otherwise credited
by courtesy of the Rehn Galleries*

THE ART OF THE MAYAS

THE MAYA are a people whose name is far less familiar to the general public than that of the Aztec but who, nevertheless, evolved a high culture of their own when the Aztec

were yet primitive nomadic hunters. They furnished the latter people with much material for the civilization which attracted and so richly repaid Cortez and his followers in 1519. The Toltec or pre-Aztec remains were, for the most part, contemporary with the brilliant period of the cities of northern Yucatan, but much later than the first florescence of southern Maya art.

The region in which remains of the original Maya civilization and art are found corresponds closely with that still inhabited by Indians speaking dialects of the Maya linguistic stock. It comprises, roughly, in Mexico the states of Tabasco and Chiapas and the peninsula of Yucatan; entire British Honduras; the two-thirds of Guatemala lying north of the Motagua River and much of Honduras, including the headwaters of the Copan River, the lower course of the Uloa, and probably the rich central valley of Comayagua.

Relics of Maya art are, in some branches,

In design and sculptural form this primitive race developed an art comparable to that of the Assyrians

Adolphe BARREAUX

quite extensive, while in others they are regrettably few. However, there is little reason to complain, for the body of material preserved for study is estimated as greater than that which has

survived from the great art of Greece. Many of their remaining structures, both religious and secular, still show much of the original embellishment in stone carving, wood carving, frescoes and stucco work.

We find in the ancient masterpieces of Yucatan and Central America a fine technique and an admirable artistic sense largely given over to the expression of religious concepts. The works of the Maya artists furnish, upon close study, many analogies to the early products of the Mediterranean and eastern countries. In point of time, Maya art cannot boast a sensational antiquity or even one which will bear comparison with that in classic lands or in the Far East. But upon technical grounds—such as the knowledge displayed of foreshortening, composition and design—it may be placed in advance of the art of Assyria and Egypt.

The representation of the human body, though

MONOLITH KNOWN AS THE "TURTLE" FOUND AT QUIRIGUA
Cast in the American Museum of Natural History, New York





STELA AT QUIRIGUA

receiving considerable attention, was not all-important to the Maya as to the Greeks. The latter conceived and represented their divinities and mythical heroes in human form; hence they idealized this form until it embodied the finest possible conception of strength and grace. The gods and culture heroes of the Maya, on the other hand, had fundamentally the physical characteristics of reptiles, birds and lower mammals or were, at best, grotesque figures of composite

origin. In many cases, however, these brute deities were more or less humanized, resembling in a general way the half animal, half human gods of Egypt and Assyria. Human beings appear only in the mundane guise of priests and the ruling classes. The strange subject matter of Maya art should not militate against the appreciation of its real artistic merits, for the products

SIDE OF STELA, QUIRIGUA

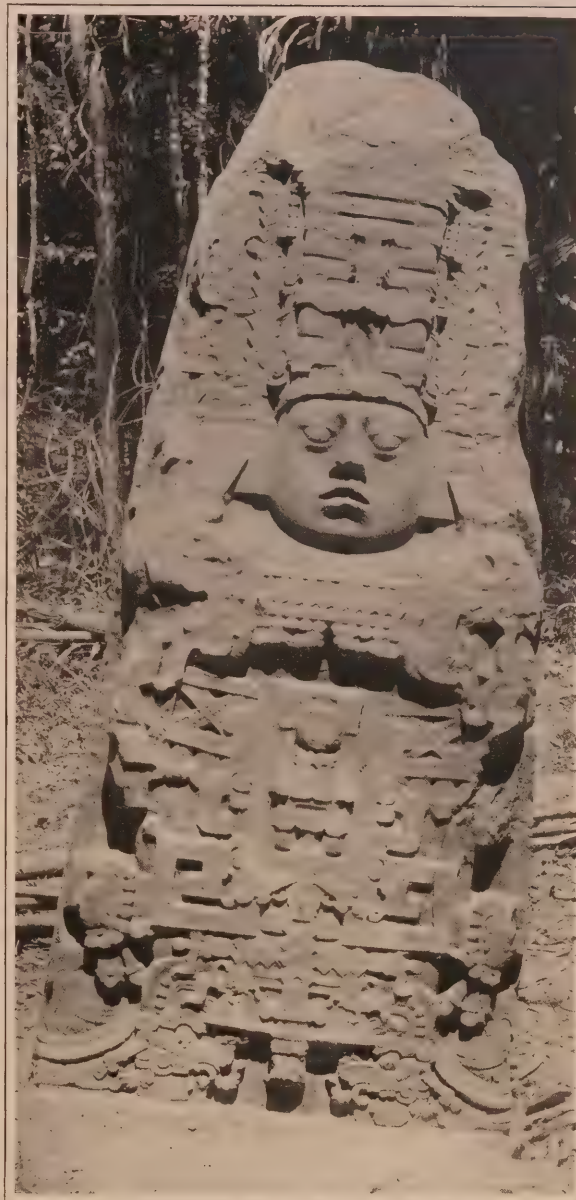


of an inspired imagination are always worthy of respect and study.

The Maya had considerable but by no means complete mastery of the technical difficulties of representing objects of three dimensions upon a surface with only two. High and low relief show something of a transition in this process. In foreshortening, they greatly excelled the Egyptians in that they were sufficiently skilled to draw the body in pure profile, as well as representing the legs and feet in a variety of sitting and reclining positions. The real difficulty in the development of perspective was that the artist's previous knowledge of the subject interfered with his visual impressions. He knew that a man possessed two arms and so felt constrained to always draw two arms in full view. The Maya artists achieved a sort of compromise between appearance and reality. When they could not find a way to correct a drawing, they at least succeeded by graceful and pleasing treatment in distracting attention from any errors in delineation.

The principal methods employed by the Maya in the graphic and plastic arts differed little from those of better known lands. Carving in wood and stone and modeling in clay and stucco were widely practiced. At the time from which the remains of their art date they were living, like the Mexicans, in an age of stone. The elaborate monuments and temple decorations were cut and carved with stone implements. These people might have accomplished greater wonders if they had had fine grained marble instead of coarse, uneven limestone and iron or bronze chisels instead of unwieldy stone knives.

The best achievements of the Maya are preserved on huge carved monolithic monuments,



A WELL-PRESERVED STELA AT QUIRIGUA



A RICHLY SCULPTURED ALTAR AT COPAN

commonly called stelæ. These monster pillars, approximately rectangular, usually present a single figure, or one figure on the front and another on the back, in addition to relief carving, generally on all sides. The largest of these are found in Quirigua but the art of the neighboring site of Copan is the finer, since many of the stelæ here are carved in such relief as to approximate the full round.

The exact purpose of these stelæ is problematical. In the large majority of cases they stand in relation to certain buildings and are considered to be five-year count markers known as Hotun. Many are found with altars in front and appear to have been connected with certain religious ceremonies.



STELA A, COPAN

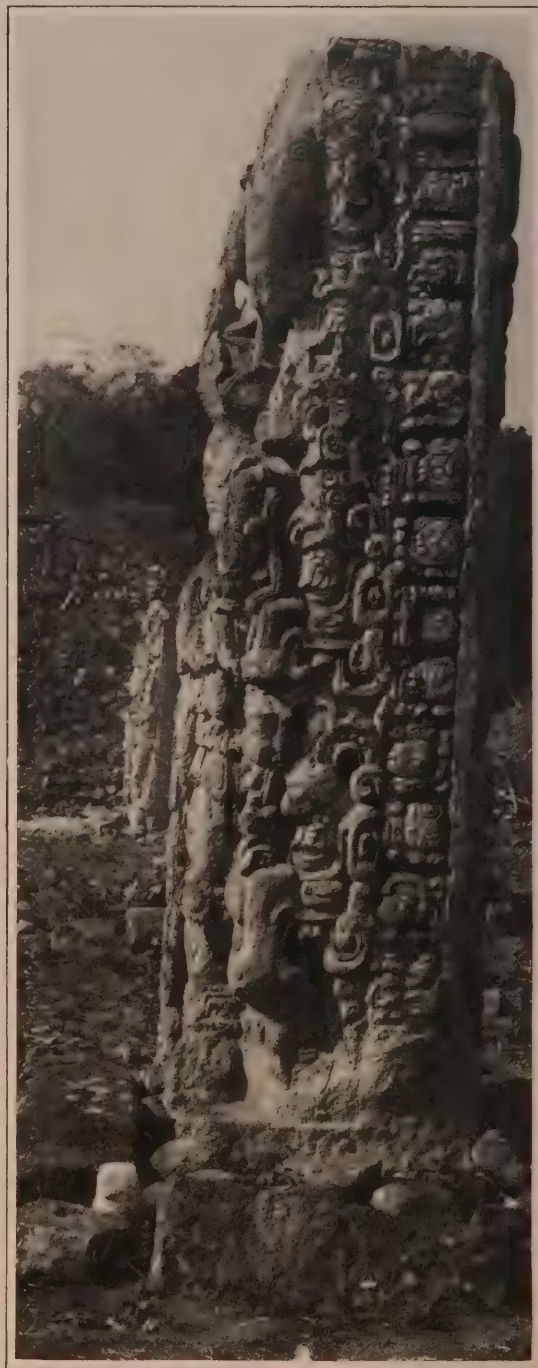
In Maya plastic art the three usual divisions may be made, namely; low relief, high relief and full round. Much of the high relief, however, shows no more modeling than does the low relief, the figures being simply blocked out and still retaining a comparatively flat outer surface. Sometimes high relief shows flat sculpture upon two or more planes. Fine examples of blocked out high relief are found at Copan and Yaxchilan; but high relief with excellent modeling is also found, particularly in the stucco work at Palenque. Sculpture in the full round reaches its development at Copan, probably because the stone of that locality was easy to work. There may have been another reason; the custom of representing faces and bodies in front view seems to have led

directly to the full round treatment, especially of the face.

On the Copan stelæ the majority of figures are presented in front view, and there is a consistent progression from low relief, through high

SIDE OF STELA B, COPAN

*Note:—This is the stela on which Professor G. Elliot Smith, in his recent book *Elephants and Ethnologists*, identifies the figures at the top as those of Indian elephants and seeks to prove from them the connection between Maya art and that of the Far East. The more generally accepted theory is that the figures are a variant of the macaw motif, common in Maya art.—EDITOR.*



relief, to the exact reproduction of the human form. At Quirigua and Piedras Negras, where other front view figures occur, the greater part of the body is shown in low relief, but the face is generally carved in high relief or in the natural roundness.

The pose of the human figure is practically uniform throughout the long Copan series. The chieftain, priest, or whoever is represented, stands in an erect attitude with his heels together and holds an object called the Ceremonial Bar against his breast. The body shows perfect bilateral symmetry. In the earliest stelæ the upper arms lie close to the side and the forearms rise almost vertically. In later examples the arms are almost horizontal. On the greater number of these stelæ the feet are represented as turned directly outward, forming a straight angle. However, at the end of what we call the Archaic period, the sculptors began to take advantage of the increased relief offered by the heavy apron and turn the feet inwards until in the most advanced carvings the pose became almost natural. The stelæ of Quirigua, though generally later than those of Copan, show a reversion to less skillful treatment. The poses are much the same, though in some cases a mannikin figure on a staff replaces the Ceremonial Bar. This substitution breaks up the bilateral symmetry, since the staff is held diagonally across the body and not horizontally. Many monuments here, as well as at Tikal and Naranjo, parallel the sculptures of Copan, except that the face is often turned in profile.

Maya carving is seen at its best when applied

to wood, but owing to the perishable nature of the material few examples remain. Nearly all of these are from Tikal and consist of lintels upon which are sculptured designs in low and beautifully modeled relief. The relation which these speci-

mens bear to the work in the northern Maya region, makes it evident that wood carving antedated skill in stone sculpture. The lintels of Tikal, of the durable zapote wood, have survived, owing to the solidity of the buildings, while those of Palenque and Yucatan, less well protected, have vanished.

At Palenque, the limestone is of a hard nature and difficult to cut, with the result that in that locality modeling in stucco attained high development. The Maya artist there displayed definite signs of modifying the technique borrowed from wood carving to suit a less tractable material. He showed that the quality of his work depended greatly upon the plasticity of this material, while he gained much from his experience in stone. A peculiar feature of the work at Palenque is the comparative restraint exhibited by



THE SMALLEST STELA AT COPAN

the artist. That he still loved complexity of detail is shown by many reliefs, but he no longer feared the vacant space and appreciated its value as a background.

Like the Greeks, the Maya painted their stone sculptures. Many of the stelæ still show evident traces of color. In some cases an entire monument was painted over with a single tint; in others, details of ornament were picked out in contrasting tones. The colors were usually applied in a fairly definite way; red for flesh tones, blue and green for ornaments and green for feathers. In Piedras



ALTAR G AT COPAN

Negras there is considerable variety in coloring, with the result that the details of the complex sculptures have been simplified and rendered much more decipherable.

The general physiognomy represented on Maya sculpture differs widely from the accepted European types of beauty. Artificial flattening of the head was practiced and straightened foreheads and retreating chins were held to be marks of beauty.

It is quite doubtful whether any sculptures were seriously intended as portraits of living chiefs or priests. We find a number of face types, variation depending upon form of features and expression. Usually one type prevails in each ancient city. On the stelæ of Quirigua several types are to be seen, but the degree of individualism is slight. Possibly, as was the case in Egypt, the faces of portrait statues varied little, while individualism was expressed in dress, ornament or inscription.

There has been widely advocated the theory that primitive art was purely communal. Of course the first artists did not sign their works, but strict regard for ownership of designs is a principle by no means rare among primitive peoples. Worthy contributions to the progress of art are always referable to individuals and the loss of written records is of no consequence. But the individual, it must be remembered, lives and works within the mode of his nation and his time. The works of the most flagrant individualist of today will tomorrow fall into an inevitable scheme of evolution.

It is therefore reasonable to suppose that each

of the various groups into which the stelæ of Copan may be divided was the work of a single sculptor or of a school working under his supreme direction. Each group shows a conscious and typical arrangement of common elements. But through the whole line of groups runs a thread of change and consistent development of which the artists themselves were probably entirely unconscious, except in its more obvious features.

The influence of a national religion upon a national art was never more unmistakable than in the case of the Maya. All the great monuments were apparently shrines of some sort and connected with sacerdotal ceremonies and even minor objects were never too humble to receive decorations with religious significance. Without doubt, the art reacted strongly upon the religion which gave it birth, filling that religion with symbolism and imagery. They progressed hand in hand; the spreading of the religion meant the spreading of the art and the graphic representations of the art rendered the religion intelligible.

The origin of Maya culture has not yet been solved. It is impossible to deny a certain superficial similarity, often surprising, between the Maya ruins and those of southeast Asia, but this disappears, for the most part, upon closer analysis. Mere similarity of ornament has no meaning when the ornament in question is found to symbolize beliefs of an entirely different character. The evidence possessed at present, in spite of several ingenious theories such as that of the "Elephants," points unmistakably to the undisturbed evolution of Maya art on American soil and that art may be regarded as in every sense American.



"SLEEP" (ALABASTER)

In the collection of Mrs. Millett

BY ROBERT LAURENT

Modern Sculpture and LAURENT

WHEN next my friend Charles laments to me the modern tendency to theorize on art, our perennial topic of conversation, I think that I shall invite him to write an

article on modern sculpture—on any living sculptor he may choose to name. I don't believe that he will enjoy the job. He will find himself sailing, with the aid of neither compass, sun nor stars, an exceedingly capricious vessel over an uncharted sea. He will discover that though steering by the wind may be a delightful occupation, as a means of getting any place it is less satisfactory. Finally he will be faced with the pleasant choice between charting the whole course for himself or foundering on the first submerged rock. And I fancy that after a short experience he will feel much more kindly disposed to the theorists, the chartmakers, if I may so dignify them.

It is perhaps not surprising that, despite their abundance in the field of painting, no historian of modern sculpture has presented himself. The cynic might even ask what there is to write a history about. And even the optimist, determined to recognize, as historians of modernity are apt

Since the decline of the Greek canon as a sculptural standard the root of the art has sprouted a diversity of shoots

GUY EGLINGTON

to, a swan in every duck, would be hard put to it to invent a family comprehensive enough to contain them all. On whom or what could one father, without straining credulity, Maillol and

Mestrovic, Bernard and Archipenko, Despiau and Epstein, Faggi and Manolo, Eric Gill and Lipschitz, Brancusi and Kolbe, Dobson and Lachaise, Zadkine and Bourdelle? Myself indeed, when younger and more inclined to follow the doctrines of Machiavelli, duly noted the universal reaction against the influence of Rodin, a reaction paralleled in painting by the revolt of the Post Impressionists against Impressionism, and planned a book which should lay about the shoulders of the sculptors the mantle of Cézanne. The idea has much to recommend it, for certainly Maillol is a more worthy son than ever the great Paul begat among painters.

But the historian of sculpture will have other problems to face besides that of reconciling and interrelating the activities of his heterogeneous family. Isolated phenomena can in truth only be interrelated by reference to some recognized canon, which may either be constructed upon the



"MOTHER AND CHILD" (ALABASTER)

BY ROBERT LAURENT

known nature of a third phenomenon universally hailed as supreme and all-inclusive within its own field, or based upon a broadened study of the thing's nature and its potentiality as expression. Until recently such a canon existed in sculpture, based upon the Greek art of the fifth century B. C., with later variations to include the vagaries of the High Renaissance, and all that did not conform thereto was dismissed. Archaic Greek, Romanesque, Gothic—the ineffectual stammer of a child. Egyptian, Chinese, Hindu—mere ritual. But the slow lesion of blood from the official art built thereon, the repeated failures at regeneration by return now to its model, now to life itself, or rather that concept of life which is called realism, spelt inevitable if protracted death. The wonder is that a rootless art kept alive so long. An art already past its zenith and containing within itself the germs of decay cannot hope to father an art of comparable vigor, for progress

can only spell decadence. But in revenge its very splendor can so dazzle whole generations as to blind them to the existence of all else in the world, and its largeness offers countless by-ways capable of being explored and exploited. That is what has happened in sculpture. The world has been so blinded by Greece that it has been content for centuries to pick up the crumbs which the Greek artist, negligent in his riches, let fall from the table.

But one day there must be an end, even to crumbs. And then what? Man is humble enough to be content with the merest trickle of blood, but when that ceases, when clay, bronze and stone are seen to be nothing more than dead lumps, when finally the mass of the false obscures the splendor of the true, he will revolt even to the point of blaspheming where he has worshipped. His bedazzlement is over and he comes to a slow realization that what he has worshipped is not an isolated phenomenon, self-contained, suspended



"PRIESTESS" (ALABASTER)

BY ROBERT LAURENT

in space, to reach which he must leap prodigiously, but is no more than one flower of an art whose roots are both deep and broad. Then he will become aware that all the other arts which he has dismissed as infantile or liturgical are informed with life of a contained intensity beyond his dreams, and that these too are flowers of the same tree.

Inevitably in such a case the accepted canon falls together with the art on which it was based. With the realization that Greek sculpture was neither without precedent nor all-inclusive, the entire critical fabric collapsed. And no other could quickly be erected to take its place. Here was no case of exchanging the Greek for another, the Egyptian, Chinese or Gothic canon, but a sudden and almost intoxicating realization that sculpture in the hands of these peoples, and of the Khmers, Hindus, Polynesians, African Negroes, Mexicans and I know not how many others, had been shaped into an instrument endowed with a power for expression of which even Phidias can

have had no conception. And to this instrument the modern sculptor was heir.

The result has been the devastating eclecticism that all the world knows. From the more common "essays in the manner of" to the less frequent study of first causes, contemporary sculpture offers what might be taken for a marginal commentary on the history of the art. Every age has been ransacked for new models. Nor is there any sign that the process is over. On the contrary, the slow dissemination of knowledge is only now beginning to render impossible the grosser forms of imitation, and little progress has yet been made toward mastering the instrument. Even the nature of the individual stops of the organ—if I may so compare it—is hardly understood, and no conception of its vast range. We are evidently in for a protracted period of assimilation, during which we shall do well to be grateful for research even if it bears the marks of a somewhat austere science.



"MOTHER AND CHILD" (MARBLE)

BY ROBERT LAURENT

The critic's task at this juncture is an unenviable one. He can either steer by the wind; that is, judge by his own reactions, the emotions, if any, which a given work arouses in him; by so doing he will land both himself and his readers in complete muddledom the moment he leaves the purely academic. Or he can class every separate work by reference to the predominating influences which he finds therein; in which case he runs the risk of encouraging the belief that styles in sculpture can, like the so-called *Orders* of architecture, be applied machine-made. Or, lastly, he can set to work to study the nature of sculpture, the range of its expression, the extent of its expressional variation in relation to light, to the material out of which it is cut or of which it is modeled—approaches diametrically opposed—to the space in which it is enclosed or the architectural structure to which it is related. Needless to say, the

first is the most popular method, the second comparatively rare and no one has so much as attempted the third. Yet until an effort be made to define, however imperfectly, the nature of the medium—adequately to do which would require a study of its entire history—criticism cannot but be vague and without direction. We have but the haziest conception of the functional properties of sculpture and even for these we have no names. On what then can criticism be based, since our canon is both hazy and incomplete, our vocabulary non-existent? Our only basis can be the conventions which the individual sculptor accepts and proclaims.

All of which has been most forcibly brought home to me by weeks of struggling with the amazing diversity of Robert Laurent. One can write about Maillol with some hope of being understood, because Maillol was born with a vehicle of expression essentially complete, yet so simple and broad as to be capable of containing all that experience and the widest eclecticism could add. One can write about Lipschitz and the other experimentalists because, however wide the range of their experiments, they follow a plan. Every phase of their activity can be classified, their aims clearly formulated and definite deductions drawn from their successes and failures. One can write about Gill and Faggi because, even before they were artists, they were Catholics. Behind them is a powerful and unbroken tradition which dictates not their subjects only, but their very eclecticism. Freed on the side of experience from the burden of choice, their

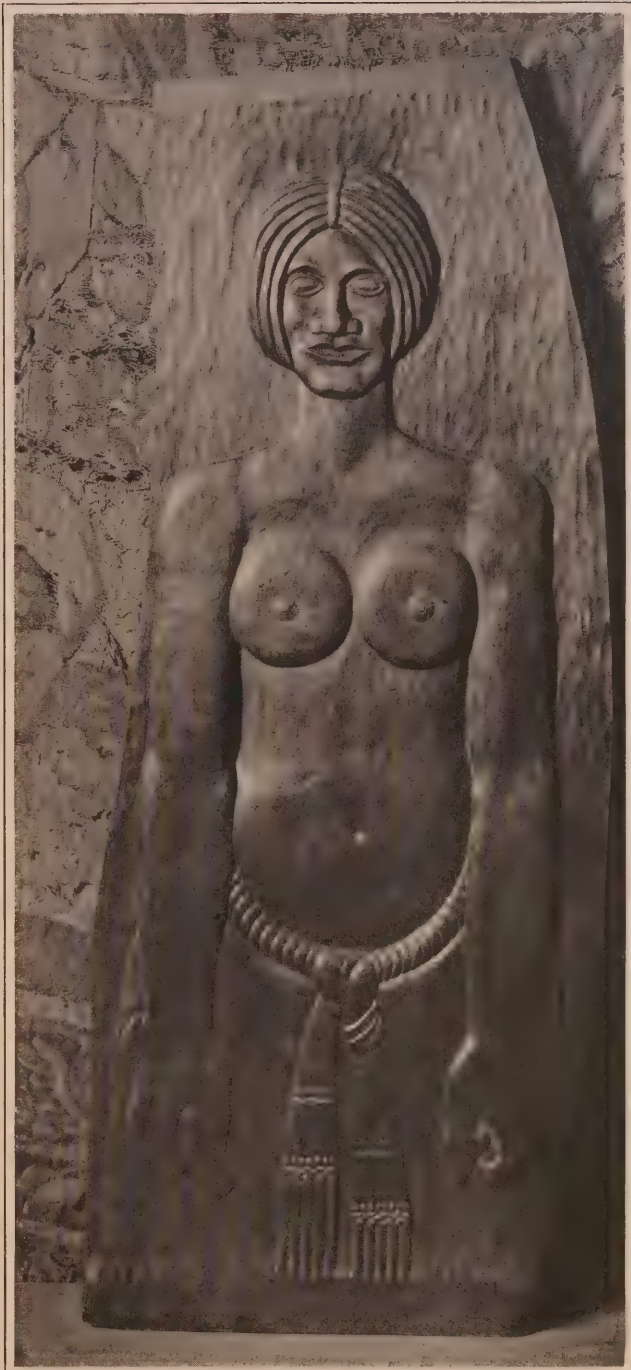
only problem is that of expression and to that end they borrow what and where they will.

But Laurent is set free by no such fetters, follows no intellectual plan, was born with no all-sufficing vehicle at his command. Rather is he possessed by an appetite for freedom quick to resent any restriction not imposed by the medium. Avid of choice, which his fecundity finds no burden, he will submit never to any scheme dictated from without by tradition, nor yet to any plan in which intellect, even his own, has borne the major part; only in face of his material is he submissive and it is in the semi-erotic play between material and imagination—the former most sensitive in its masculinity, the latter most robustly feminine—that his finest creations are conceived. Finally, in place of a single mould capable of containing all that experience and imagination can pour into it, he was born with a

formal sense quick to seize the main architectural lines of any composition, the essential qualities and possibilities for expression of any material.

The result is a bewildering diversity of which the most liberal illustration can give no more than a hint. And this is the more unfortunate since to point to any work or group of works and say: "This, or that, is Laurent; these are his major works," which is the usual implication of selection, would be not only untrue but also to set up an entirely false criterion. It might be just to judge Maillol by his "Pomona," Gill by his "Stations of the Cross," Faggi by his "Pietà" or "Portrait of Yone Nogugi." It would certainly be unjust to judge Laurent by his marble "Mother and Child," his heads in alabaster or even a whole group of his bas-reliefs in wood. All that one is entitled to say of any single work is that it represents the response of its maker to an existing set of physical and metaphysical facts to which he has no more than given that ideal coherence, through distribution of emphasis, toward which, to his imaginative mind, they seemed to be striving.

I am aware that this is to set up diversity as a positive quality, in defiance of all the best canons, which demand before all things direction conscious or unconscious, a goal toward which every effort tends. Yet I can see no way out of it. Certainly more typical of the man than any common characteristic uniting his *oeuvre* is the imaginative exuberance which tends continually to disperse it, an exuberance which no intellectual *parti-pris* could hope to withstand. And this exuberance, if not the diversity which results directly from it, must be taken as positive. More; as the one factor which conditions the very existence of the whole. Other factors release, control and shape as best they may the motive force. This contains within itself the life principle. On the one hand then, is the feminine, if I may continue to use the physiological parallel, almost superabundant fecundity of Laurent's imagination. On the other the masculine material. Both happily contain, as part of their own nature, principles which control and shape, which, though they are powerless to impose direction, yet assure to each individual work its strength, stability and the rightness of its main architectural lines. Thus we have the fortunate paradox of an uncontrolled but almost perfectly balanced eclecticism. On the one hand



"NEGRESS" (WOOD)

BY ROBERT LAURENT

the material, which in the first place released imagination, shapes its direction by means of its natural aptitudes, both inherent and occasional, on which the sensitive imagination is quick to seize. On the other, fecundity itself, though free to the point of promiscuity, is yet possessed with a passion for that poised and balanced strength which is the prime attribute of nobility. The first provides the seed with the impulse to growth and points its direction. The second relates the parts.

But if Laurent's work is only to be grasped in all its diversity by reference to the circumstances

of its conception, the relation of the artist to the materials of his craft, these in turn are in part explained by the history of the man himself. Laurent had a craftsman's training; in place of attending the Beaux Arts, he received his training in the shop of a Roman frame-maker and the result is most clearly evident. If one studies his work one is at once conscious of a quality which differentiates it from the general run of modern sculpture. It is less a question of excellence of achievement than of the angle of approach.

If you will examine the illustrations you will readily see that in Laurent's work, not only in the bas-reliefs, where the medium imposes the rectangular convention, but in such a work as the marble "Mother and Child," where freedom is possible, the emphasis is most strongly on the material. A frame, however richly it be carved, must remain a frame. In the same way, a block of marble in Laurent's hands, whatever life he may impart to it, retains proudly its identity. But here enters his imaginative sympathy, coaxing shapes out of the block, drawing out of the very depths of the block's nature unsuspected life and vigor. The block remains master, as a man is master in his own house; compactness and solidity are granted, identity is inviolate. But in return it must yield its fullest capacity for largeness and freedom of movement.

In the bas-reliefs the paradox of freedom and restraint is felt yet more strongly. Along with a precision that is the result of a craftsman's training is a joyous, most sensuous swing of line. Within the rigid bounds that he sets himself no one can play more delightfully than Laurent. Every time that I return to his reliefs I am filled with admiration for the ease with which he contrives, by his superb distribution of area and use of color accent, to fill his panel. His line, pure, lyrical and relatively unaccented, seems to caress

the forms it encloses, even as his chisel, which has tooled surfaces to an exquisite texture, seems rather to have caressed than carved them.

But the best approach of all to Laurent is through his plants. Here his imagination has full rein. Playful, sensuous, his line encloses forms that are at once charmingly inventive and instinct with life. The inward protective curl of a leaf, the swelling of a bud, the flamelike upward shoot of tall grasses—his wood renders these with proud fidelity.

One is so moved to admiration by the brilliant use of the simple means which Laurent employs that one is liable to forget how simple they really are. Line, spacial distribution and color are so satisfying in his hands that one hardly notices the absence of volume; an exquisite texture compensates for planal structure. Yet—with the foundations so well laid, if he would only press it further—he has shown time and again that he can—beyond the decorative into the plastic.

I am tempted to divide Laurent's work into two parts, the first comprising the majority of the bas-reliefs and wood figures, in which his invention is felt to be the prime factor; the second comprising his works in the round and his figures in marble and alabaster, where invention must give place to more purely formal qualities. And I am inclined to think that in the long run he will have to choose between the two. He can either be a decorator in the tradition of Jean Goujon; or he can devote himself wholly to sculpture. But if he chooses sculpture, he must remember that architectural rightness is not enough. One must be able to feel in the smallest fragment of the structure the same life that informed and conditioned the whole. One must be able to smash a statue into a hundred pieces and feel each piece alive. And that demands, beyond the richest imaginative and formal gifts, an enormous amount of sustained intellectual concentration.



"PLANT" (WOOD)

BY ROBERT LAURENT

In the collection of Mrs. Russell Loines

"ILLUSTRATED BY DARLEY"



A BANK NOTE VIGNETTE

IN THE record of book illustration in the United States, one name stands out so prominently, through individuality of style and ability, that it remains a tradition of some weight with artists of a younger generation. That is Felix

Octavius Carr Darley (1822-88). Of course he was of his time, of course he had limitations. But the ease and swing of his draughtsmanship, the suave versatility with which he turned to books of quite varying character, made him an "all 'round" illustrator of a breadth of scope hardly surpassed in this country. This fact is forced home by a productiveness so prolific that for two decades the phrase "illustrated by Darley" appeared with the regularity of "standing matter" in announcements of new books. With such a demand, so prodigally met, the development of manner was inevitable. Yet the quantity of his output is not more astonishing than its high average in quality, and one hesitates to speak of manner rather than style.

Certain striking characteristics in his work become easily evident. His figures are solidly placed, seen in the round, standing out with stereoscopic distinctness. Action is always vigorously presented, a bit melodramatically at times. There's no doubt as to what's going on. These qualities give, in each picture, a group firmly set, its component parts fused into temporary mental and physical relation. One does not feel the posed professional models, set one beside the other, still common enough, without appreciable proof of much mental effort to fill the illustrator's function. The element of picturesqueness is always present—the feeling for dramatic possibilities. The latter perhaps inherited, since his father was an actor. His characters fully act their parts. This vigorous characterization and gesture made him at home in comic art, as in his occasional "comics" in *Yankee Doodle* (1865), the *Lantern* (1852) and elsewhere, or in his drawings for W. E. Burton's *The Yankee Amongst the Mermaids, and Other Waggeries and Vagaries*, or "Ik Marvel's" *Lorgnette*.

The feeling for the group, and its expression of the story to be told, is strongly shown in Darley's original drawings. Composition is a natural

The work of F. O. C. Darley, a prolific illustrator of a generation ago, is full of suggestion for today

FRANK WEITENKAMPF

development. His many sketches include single figures, carefully done, even notes of such details as the fall of a cape, or an arm or hand, or the position of the body in writing. But the larger part of his studies was made directly for illustrations or title designs, the latter always a scene from the book with the title drawn in. Sometimes these compositions are mere scratches or swirls of line; usually they are more compactly visualized. A whole scene will be vigorously blocked in, in broad effects of light and shade; some of the pencil sketches marked by accents of sonorous black. The sketch is sometimes richer than the final drawing as the wood engraver has rendered it. Studies for compositions to be drawn on the block are frequently repeated in two or more conceptions. At times a single figure of a group is changed, but practically always the group is repeated and not the single figure. Darley did his artistic thinking on paper. Exuberance of gesture may have been paired with carelessness as to facts. One wonders whether *Leatherstocking*, hiding from the Indians, could have been lost to sight as Darley drew him.

In his early days he practiced an amusement dubbed "ink splashes." Ink-spots were pressed under glass and "imagination made them into designs." An attitude of mind similar to that of Doré when he crumpled up pieces of paper and studied the resultant shapes for suggestions. Darley carefully noted facts as a foundation for his easy manner of ultimate presentation.

Quite naturally, with his facility, and his eye for general effects, there was some *chic*. Even when he draws from the model, you feel the quick move of the trained draughtsman, putting in details, a hand or what not, from his own recollection of former performances. Recollection is soon moulded into routine handling; not an uncommon thing. Such facility is always dangerous, and needs counterbalance by bigger qualities.

All that has been said has reference to his sketches with pencil. His early wash drawings are too smooth. The later ones, small bits slapped down vigorously, studies for bank-note vignettes, are much more interesting. No doubt the line



A SKETCH ILLUSTRATING DARLEY'S SUMMARY INDICATION OF A GROUP IN MOVEMENT

A PLATE FROM SYLVESTER JUDD'S "MARGARET." LITHOGRAPH 1856



engravings in steel were based on wash drawings, the tones translated into lines by the engravers. Very likely those who rendered his work on wood, in some cases at least, had a similar task before them. He exercised some control over his engravers, read proof, so to speak. The proof's in proofs in the New York Public Library, such as the wood engraving (title of "Wolfert's Roost"), marked by Orr, the engraver, "Fine proof, unfinished. J. W. O.," with notes by Darley: "this lighter" and "please make this lighter, and this." Or the "touched" impression of A. H. Ritchie's steel engraving of the *March to the Sea*.

His development was logical and rapid. Even in his early attempts there was latent his future unfolding. His series *In Town and About*, with "illustrative descriptions" by Joseph C. Neale, issued in lithography by Sinclair of Philadelphia in the early forties, was done somewhat scartchily in pen-and-ink, a bit helplessly, amateurishly. But the feeling for character is already there, and a foreshadowing of the lilt and spring which were to form the fundamental strength of his work. Not long after came pictures for juveniles written by "Laurence Lovechild" (*Children in the Wood*, *Beauty and the Beast*, etc.), done with a certain dry tightness.

Yet even here one feels impatience of detail, a striving for group effect. These qualities quickly grew to significant predominance, while the tightness gave way to increasing looseness in handling, even in his early illustrations for *Gambling Unmasked* and *The Secret Band of Brothers*, both by Jonathan H. Green (the "reformed gambler").

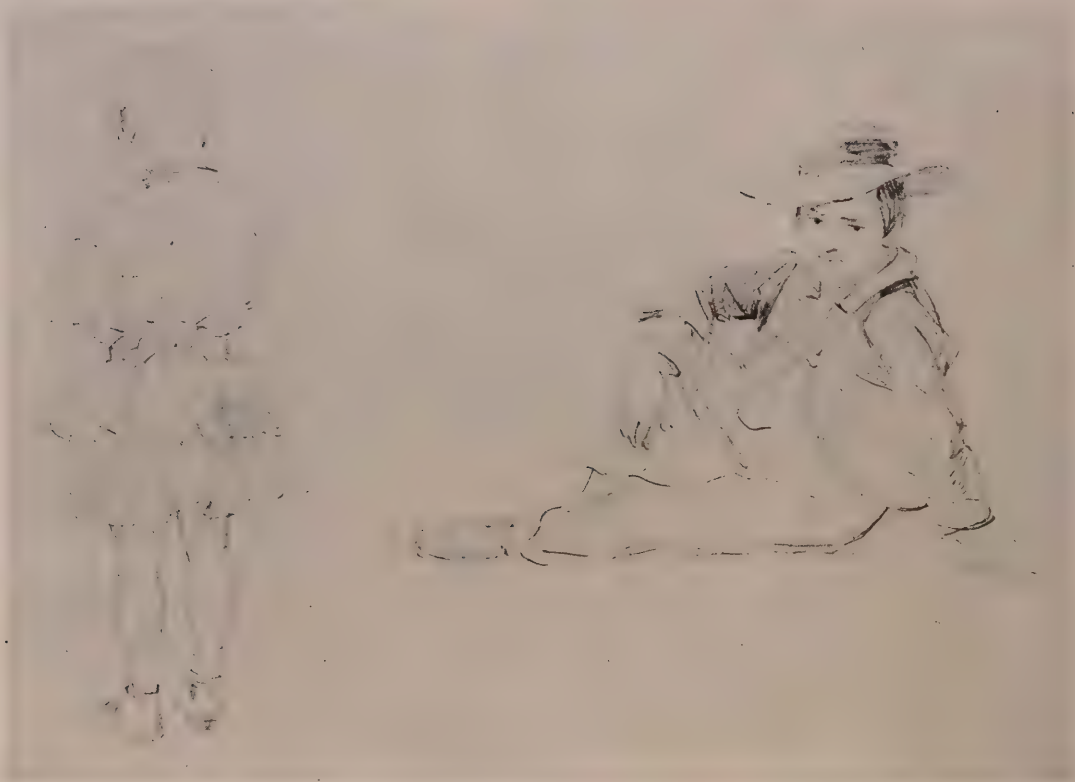
In the seventies waning of power became noticeable. In John W. Palmer's *Songs of Life* (1870) and in *Golden Songs of the Great Poets*, both illustrated in conjunction with other artists, there is not much by him and that not of outstanding importance. Nor is the *Shakespeare* (1886), done with Alonzo Chappell, of overpowering sig-



SKETCHES ILLUSTRATING DARLEY'S METHOD OF REDRAWING AN ENTIRE GROUP IN ORDER TO GET THE COMPOSITION

nificance. This weakening was not surprising at the end of a career into which was crowded such an amount of work, so remarkably high in its average quality. It is in this totality of effort and accomplishment that he must be judged and appreciated.

Darley illustrated everything: Don Quixote, Cooper, Dickens, Simms, Tristram Shandy, Jane Porter, Poe, Longfellow, Sigourney, Trowbridge, George P. Morris, *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1852), C. D. Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* (1880), stories of the West, stories by Ned Buntline and R. M. Bird, akin to dime novels, Lossing's *Our Country* (500 drawings), *Hans Brinker* (with Nast,



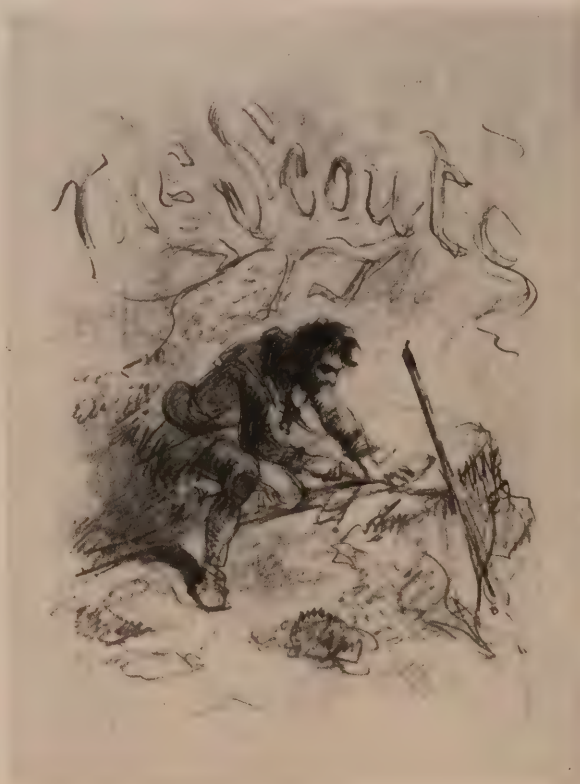
UNUSUALLY CAREFUL STUDIES IN PENCIL

1867), Biblical subjects, Frank Forester's sporting books, and his own *Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil* (1869). He drew for weeklies and monthlies, such as "Every Saturday," "Appleton's Journal," "The Illustrated Christian Weekly," "Hearth and Home," "Child's Paper," "Harper's." He did titles for periodicals, "The Lantern," the "American Art Journal," the "Illustrated Family Christian Almanac" (1851). He drew large compositions reproduced in steel engraving for framing prints, and numerous small designs for bank-note vignettes, the latter including plates engraved here for the Japanese government. It is just possible that he imbibed a little of the spirit of Sir John Gilbert, but it is not very apparent. His

own style is reflected in that of E. J. Whitney and other illustrators of his day.

Darley was at his best in American subjects. His art was indigenous to the soil and most at

A TITLE DESIGN IN PENCIL FOR WOOD ENGRAVING



home when standing firmly on it. That is apparent when he is dealing with distinctly American scenes, as in the works of Cooper or of Haliburton of "Sam Slick" fame. Yet he made most satisfactory Dickens illustrations, in which Fagin and Oliver Twist, for instance, are convincing, where the much praised Cruikshank conceptions are not. His essentially American attitude and expression gave us numerous city and country types: Yankee peddlers, drovers, the Fourth of July orator, the quack doctor, policemen, Negroes, trappers. It also pro-



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM IRVING'S "KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY." WOOD ENGRAVING

duced several series of outline drawings, beginning with the Indian sketches of 1843 and developing rapidly into the sure dominance of the plates for Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* (1848) and *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (1848) and Judd's *Margaret* (1856). In these three he invited comparison with Moritz Retzsch, master of outline. He showed much of the grace of that German artist, and vigor of characterization to which the other one does not quite attain. This apparent contradiction to the statement that Darley worked in masses rather than in line simply means that here he expressed

his mass in outline, without the necessity of curbing his hand to detailed indication of shadows.

Darley has his lesson for illustrators in his devotion to his job, his acceptance of its limits and utilization of its possibilities. His manner of doing the thing, his peculiar talent, the easy flow of his line, the swing of his composition, these are matters of an individual natural equipment which may be admired, may inspire, but should not be copied. The last is ever true of studying past models, and assimilating, not imitating, what is good in them.

Old American WEATHERVANES

A LITTLE of the picturesque-ness of old days can yet be seen, here and there, in the form of old weathervanes, which have survived the effects of time, the elements and man.

These vanes are recorded in verse and story, and they have been immortalized also by the time-honored phrase "As changeable as a weathervane."

It seems always to have been important for man to know the direction from which the wind was blowing, so he made a small device of wood or metal which swung easily from one end which turned upon a rod, and was placed on the top of a tower or high building. It has been known as a fane, meaning pennon or small flag resembling those attached by knights to the end of their lances; as a weathercock, because it frequently took the form of a cock or rooster, in all the glory of his plumage, and simply as a weathervane. It has been, time without mind, an architectural and heraldic, as well as a meteorological device, ornamental as well as useful.

Vitruvius tells us about the tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes at Athens, known as the Temple of the Winds, that had a bronze Triton for a weathervane, turning upon a pivot and holding a wand

Artistic charm of the few surviving vanes by craftsmen of Colonial and Revolutionary times

EDWARD B. ALLEN

which pointed in the direction from which the wind was blowing. In England vanes were in common use even in the days of the Saxons. In the days of "Good Queen Bess," vari-

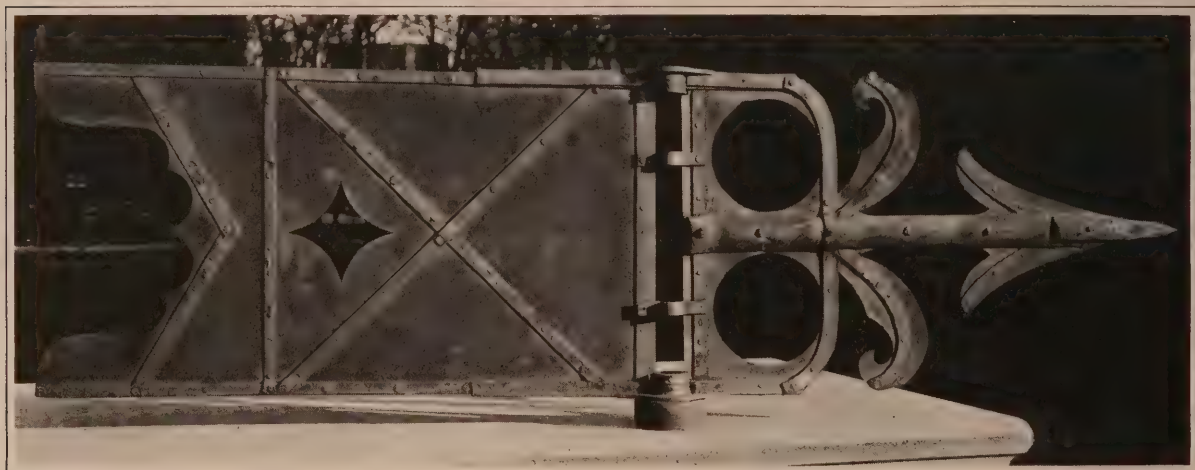
ous figures of large size, used as supports for vanes, were placed on the top of pinnacles or elevated parts of buildings, above which rose the vane in the form of small flags or banners, some having armorial bearings pierced in them, while others were cut in outline to represent the owner's shield or crest. Placing a weathervane on a building in France before the Revolution was a privilege reserved for the nobility,

and the form of the vane varied to correspond with the rank of the owner. Apparently solemn religious services were held when a weathervane was set up on religious buildings, for an old account says: "The weathercock was set upon the broach of Holyrood-eve (1515), and hallowed with many priests there present, and all the ringing, and also much people there, and all to the pleasure of God. Amen."

In the Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts, are two old wrought-iron vanes, one bearing the date 1682, the other, originally on the North Church in Danvers, now a part of Peabody, having the



ABOVE MITRE, AND BELOW ARROW
FROM VANE OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA



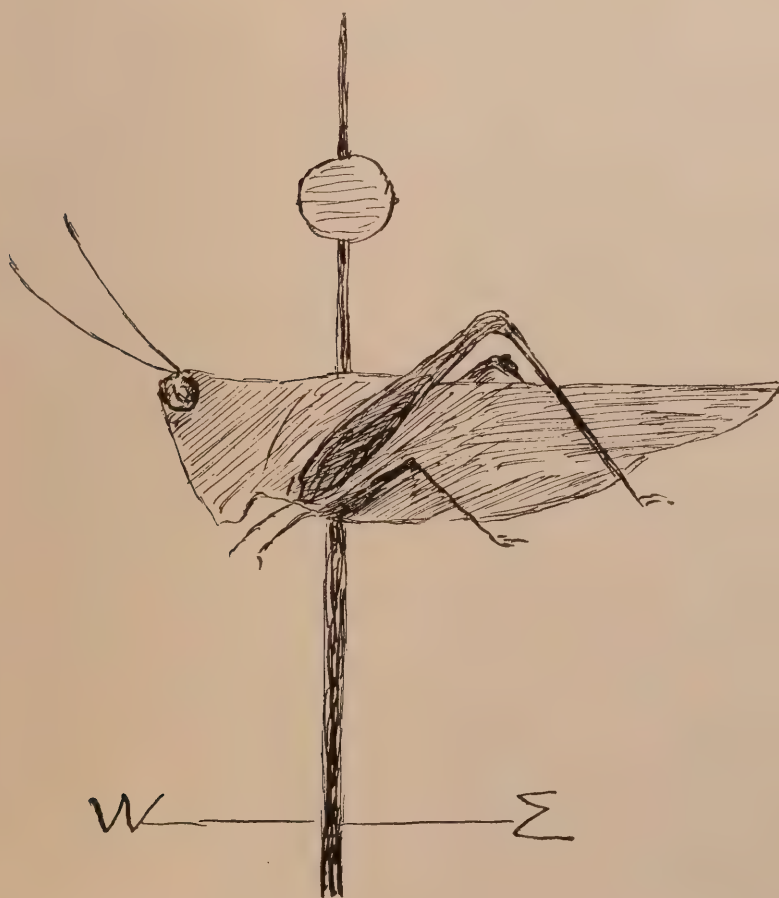
date 1711 punched in the center. It is made from a thin, square sheet of iron with a loop at each of the left-hand corners for holding it on the supporting rod, so that it could turn freely with every breeze. In each corner is a heart-shaped figure with a lancehead at the center, while narrow, pointed pieces perforated with holes or triangles are attached to the right-hand corners and three sides. The smaller one is a right triangle in shape with the base at the top and attached to a pin which fitted into a hollow bar or tube. It is ornamented with perforations which include a trefoil at the center, a small heart below, and the date at the top, while its outer edge is cut into scrolls and curves.

It was about the year 1800 that gilded eagles became popular as vanes, and one with raised wings by McIntire is on a stable of the Nichols house in



GILT WEATHERVANE ON QUINCY MARKET, BOSTON, MASS. ABOUT 1826

Salem. The gem among the old vanes of New England is the gilded copper Indian vane with a prominent glass eye, made by Deacon Shem Drowne, which was placed over the Province House, probably soon after it became the official residence of the royal governors, through purchase by the colony, about 1716. The vane was one of the few things saved when the old mansion was demolished a half century ago, and in recent years this gilded savage has been fortunate enough to obtain the vestibule of the Massachusetts Historical Society for his wigwam. The figure, rather crude in outline and out of proportion, is nevertheless very effective as a vane. The Indian is standing, his right foot resting on a rod which connected with the cupola, whereby he turned, in his hands a drawn bow, to which he has fitted an arrow from the quiver at his waist. He is nude



GRASSHOPPER VANE ON FANEUIL HALL, 1742. GILDED COPPER WITH GLASS EYE



WEATHERVANE FROM GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA

except for a headdress of upright feathers, of which two are broken off, secured by a band ending with three long streamers; a bead necklace and a beaded feather girdle about the waist.

As a companion to this vane and comprising

the second of the only very old ones in Boston, is the grasshopper vane likewise made of gilded copper with glass eyes by Deacon Drowne, which whirrs to the breezes above Faneuil Hall, "The

Cradle of Liberty," and probably placed in position in 1742, when the market was opened to the public. For many years it was supposed this design had been copied from Peter Faneuil's crest, as another vane of this design stood for many years over a summer-house in his garden, but this has been disproved by the discovery of some of the Faneuil family plate, which bore a crest of quite a different character. It is, however, said to be a duplicate of the vane on the Royal Exchange, London, England, which was the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham, through whose generosity, likewise, the Exchange was built.

Another vane of unusual design is on the Quincy Market building, Boston, which dates from about 1826, and represents a golden ox.

Weathervanes were especially numerous in the Dutch settlements in the romantic Hudson River valley, where they formed an important addition to nearly all buildings. On the old Vanderheyden mansion in Albany, a vane represented a running horse, which was obtained by

GILDED COPPER WEATHERVANE WITH GLASS EYE FORMERLY ON PROVINCE HOUSE, BOSTON. MADE BY DEACON SHEM DROWNE, (1716?)

By courtesy of Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Mass.





Washington Irving and placed on his house "Sunnyside." On the old Dutch church in Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown, was a vane made from a sheet of metal, scalloped along the upper and lower sides, in which were cut the initials "V. F.," which are believed to refer to Vredryck Flypen (Frederick Philips), according to a tablet placed in front of the church in 1699.

Pennsylvania has a number of interesting old vanes which show very artistic ironwork. These are quite out of the ordinary in design, especially that belonging to Christ Church, the oldest Episcopal church in Philadelphia, which is especially appropriate for its location. The section of the vane on one side of the upright rod on which it turns is made of a thin horizontal sheet of metal with a scrolled forked end, reinforced on both sides and edges with thin bands. The other end is in the form of an arrowhead with two curved offshoots, like a fleur-de-lis



issuing from an oblong figure with two large holes. The two sections are held together by rings and loops through which the rod is passed. Over the vane was placed a bishop's mitre 64 cm. high with a diameter of 38 cm. Along each side and at the peak are round studs, while seven six-pointed stars surround an inscription at the center which reads:

William White D.D.

consec'd 1st Bishop of the
Epis. Church of Pennsy.

Feb. 4" 1787.

Beneath the vane are four small balls at the ends of two crossbars, the base being a large ball which attached it to the steeple.

The vane belonging to Graeme Park, the residence of Governor Keith, near Philadelphia, is much older but less ornamental, the decoration being confined to scroll ornaments on the rod.

IRON WEATHERVANES, ONE DATED
1682, THE OTHER 1711, FROM NORTH
CHURCH, DANVERS

Reproduced by courtesy of Essex Institute,
Salem, Mass.

Early AMERICAN PRIMITIVES

THAT A NATION to lead a healthy art life must know itself artistically is axiomatic, but America—exhibiting little desire for self knowledge—has ever turned to foreign influences

in her effort to grow. Artistically speaking, Americans habitually graft foreign strains on the home tree, producing exotic fruit. We seem literally to have plunged ahead without taking time or trouble to find out if there was ever born an American art with our own land for a setting, or if what truly native art we may have had in our early days was worthy. Should the latter not be the truth then our painters are justified in continuing to follow the tendency to study abroad, and come home working in the manner of some foreign master. Copley and Stuart followed the eighteenth-century Englishmen. Later the Düsseldorf school, and then the Munich, were the Meccas for aspiring young Americans of artistic trend. Then Paris drew them and today that city is attracting ever increasing numbers. In fact, it appears that we have quite lacked those hardy minds which, inheriting something of the spirit of the colonists, might have built up an art upon the primitive efforts toward portraiture and other branches of painting practiced in our villages and towns after the wilderness had been conquered and there came into being those charming Colonial homes with bare walls to be covered and mantle-pieces calling for a portrait or landscape to adorn them.

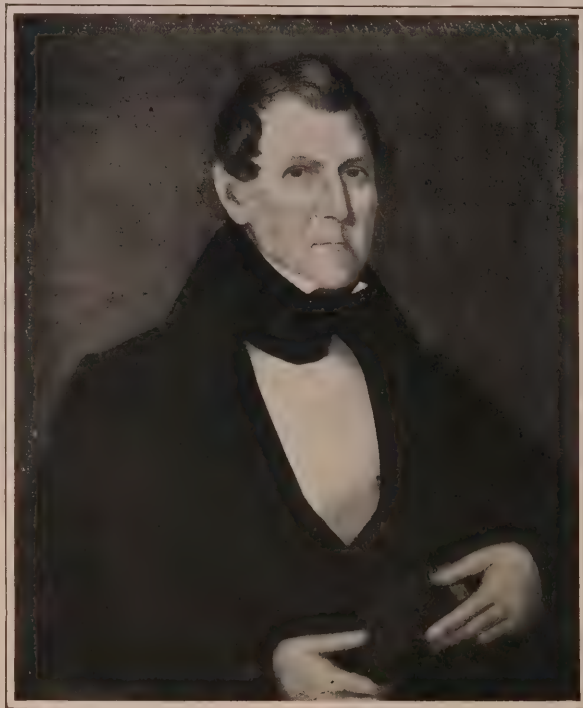
Today the art world, hungry for something "different," might get a very real thrill out of bringing to light for inspection and consideration material pertaining to the initial florescence of purely American painting, that art which sprang

The itinerant limner was a head hunter seeking patrons who wished their features added to his stock figures

MRS. H. G. NELSON

from native soil and flowered uninfluenced by foreign climes. Perhaps there are to be found in this comparatively unknown field no products as fine in some respects as the market varieties, but the flavor is inimitable, for they are home grown.

During a street fair last summer in the little Connecticut village of Kent, in the southern foothills of the Berkshires, there was held an exhibition of portraits in oils, and of water colors, painted in Kent and nearby towns in the early part of the last century and borrowed by us from families still residing in the neighborhood. This group, though not exceedingly early, was made up largely of works which are undeniably American primitives. Kent, in the days when the pictures were painted, was an obscure corner of the state with no railroad to bring easy communication with the outside world, yet sheltering a number of prosperous families who enthusiastically took advantage of the advent of an itinerant



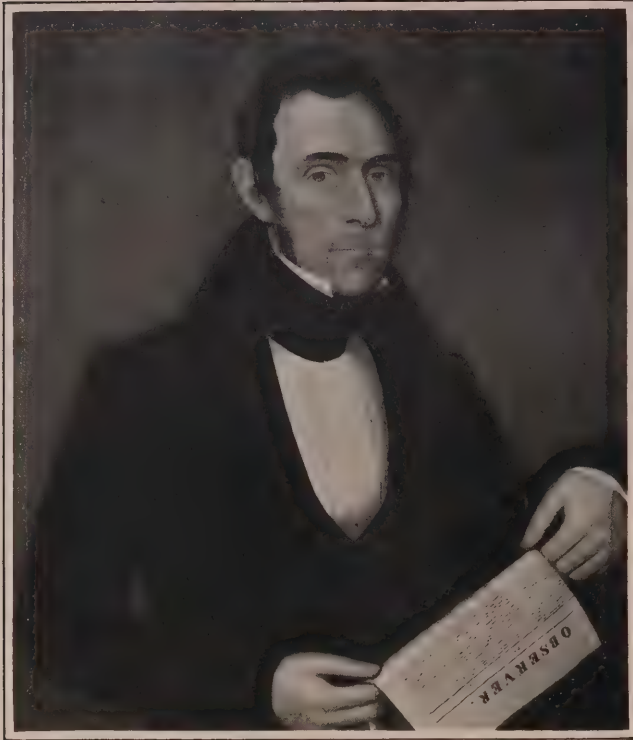
"RUFUS FULLER, ESQ." PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON

artist or "limner," as such a man was called, and sat to him for their portraits. To further their esthetic leanings such families also had their young ladies take water-color lessons from a local teacher or sent them to boarding school at Poughkeepsie or some other large town where boarding schools were available and where painting in "water paints" was part of the schedule. Also, it was not unusual for a gentleman to take up painting as a pastime, adhering to much the same manner affected by whatever of local talent there might be. And it is undoubtedly true that in our own countryside there sprang up to no little height an art receiving virtually no direct influence from the outside. Had Kent been granted



"MRS. ELIZABETH DRAKE FULLER"

PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON



"JOHN MILTON RAYMOND, ESQ., 1836"
PROPERTY OF MRS. HAXTON

another generation before the era of locomotion broke into the quiet peace of the Housatonic Valley we might today be able to collect there a group of more artistic import than is that under discussion. Nevertheless, in passing one may point out that what was true of Kent was also true of virtually all of the early settled sections of the east—that a very real start was made toward the forming of a native art springing from local conditions, and typical of the quaint life of the time.

The characteristics of this prematurely checked growth are eloquently revealed by the illustrations accompanying this text and it is interesting to observe how much in common this art has with certain phases of the "modern movement" in art today. Naïveté, a word fresh to our art criticism but a few years back when the famous Armory show startled New York, but all too hackneyed today, is nevertheless the best to employ when writing of the works under present consideration. Here one finds simply a gentle art which grew with patience and sincerity backed by a genuine urge to decorate and to relieve the barrenness of the walls of homes which conquerors of the wilderness had brought near to perfection.

Let us visualize for the moment this

gathering of folks of several generations ago, met for the first time since they busied themselves about the affairs of the quiet little village. If they could find their voices what a deal of talk there would be anent the changed times, and of those superior, less hectic days when the "limner" announced his arrival and engaged himself to paint these selfsame "speaking likenesses." There would be notes of complaint from more than one regarding his or her fallen state, for it must be confessed that some of these choice ancestors were coaxed from their descendants out of dusty attics. Just here we come to a point which cannot be emphasized too strongly. These quaint souvenirs of a by-gone time have a distinct artistic worth of their own.

The larger number of portraits in this group obviously came from the same hand, that of a man who may have received his initial training as a carriage or sign painter but who was possessed of a strong feeling for the decorative and of ability to catch a convincing likeness. Certain of the present owners recall hearing their grandparents speak of a man who, driving up from New York in a wagon and stopping at each hamlet through which he passed, hired a room in the village for a

"PHOEBE PRESTON HAVILAND, 1814-1816"
PROPERTY OF MRS. AUGUSTA BEDELL



time and proceeded to paint likenesses of those who would pay him his very modest fee. That he received popular support is evinced by the large number of his works to be found in the locality.

A few words regarding the unique methods of "limners," as such men as this itinerant painter were called, will throw light upon the astounding similarity of the pictures they left behind them, in respect to hands, bodies and accessories, the only markedly different character is in the faces. The "artist" arrived in town with a supply of stock portraits, some of masculine and some of feminine gender. Little, if anything, save the faces was left unpainted. The sitter paid a fee of from twenty-five to fifty dollars to have his or her face inserted, and got off with very little posing. In the comparatively few cases where subjects posed for their own bodies, said bodies were finished off in very much the same stiff conventional manner as those prepared in advance. Imagine the advantages for him or her who chose an ensemble merely minus the countenance! A man with a secret urge toward Beau Brummelism but with a none too



"MRS. JULIA FULLER BARNUM"

PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON

"MRS. FLORILLA MILLER RAYMOND"

PROPERTY OF MRS. HAXTON



smart façade could, by choosing a lay figure from the limner's supply, hand down his likeness in immaculate linen set off by the latest style of stock, correctly arranged. Voluminous females and those of limited wardrobe must have been thrilled to death, as those of today might express it, by the opportunity of choosing a body of graceful, slender proportions, and a cap and collar of undreamed of perfection as to lace and starch, or glossy ringlets with never a rebellious hair; neck and shoulders of ideal line and proportion, and hands that spoke never a word of the domestic labor which played a large part in the lives of the early colonists and their descendants.

Included in our group were portraits of four married couples and the hands of the eight individuals presented are varied with but two positions. Superficially the caps of the women are very similar but close observation reveals a slight variation in the elaborate pattern of the laces or the fall of a ruching, or the placement of the loop of a crisp organdie bow. In six of the portraits of women one finds an identical placing of the head on one side of the canvas,



"LADY OF THE LAKE"

PROPERTY OF MRS. SLOSSON

giving room for the large full sleeve of the left arm and enabling the body to bend gracefully leaning the right arm upon books arranged formally on a table. In fact there is plenty of proof as to the methods of these "limners." In the portraits of women the color of the backgrounds, the black of the garments and the flesh tones of the shoulders are alike. If the subject is young a moss rose or a passion flower is stuck between the stiff fingers of her ready-made hand, and if she be an ancient dame or one of middle life a bible or a pair of "specs" takes the place of the flower.

In the delightful portrait of Phoebe Preston Haviland, who chose to be immortalized minus the elaborate lace cap so dear to her contemporaries, one notes that the line of the neck does not connect at all properly with the line of the shoulders, and in other examples this same peculiar lack of relation is evident. In the portrait of Florilla Mills Raymond the manner of painting the hands and caps with absolutely no relation to the black surroundings is particularly noticeable. However, one needs must marvel at the skill, within his own limitations, evinced by this curious breed of painter. His was an all efficient technique applied

with unflinching precision. The painting of the laces and other accessories baffle one in their flat, stencil-like accuracy. And, apparently, they were done at one go, as nowhere is there evidence of overpainting. That the "limners" were capable of close observation is revealed in the likenesses which speak eloquently of the personalities of the sitters, although due to the similarity of pose and accessories the works may at first glance strike the observer as having little individuality. The portraits of Rufus Fuller, Esq., and his wife, Elizabeth Drake Fuller, are truly notable renderings of individual types.

Nearby hung portraits of John Mills and his wife, executed by a less skilled hand but giving evidence, nevertheless, of much sincerity and careful painting. These are very real character renderings, obviously painted entirely from life. The painter applied his glue to the canvas a bit too heavily and, due to that, the surfaces have become so irregular that a camera cannot properly reproduce the portraits.

Two interesting and unique works included in the exhibition were the water colors, "The Lady of the Lake" and "Pomona." In order to fully

appreciate their qualities one must know their color for it is as vivid as the drawing is painstakingly quaint. In "The Lady of the Lake" the complacent air with which the Knight of Snowdown—shown with folded arms—views Ellen "as her light skiff approached the side," is equalled by that maiden's matter-of-fact stare. Aside from these absurdities, there is something very powerful in the arrangement of the heavy tree trunks and rich green foliage that suggests real talent possessed by one determined to create despite lack of training. And, how amazingly like the "ultra modern" the picture is in its abstract quality and its plasticity!

"Pomona," a representation of the goddess of fruit trees, is a less ambitious composition although accomplished with a greater degree of loving labor. Each leaf is carefully portrayed and each variety of fruit is conscientiously painted to show its correct color and form. Meanwhile the goddess stands amid

her rich harvest reaching up to pluck cherries with one hand and tasting those held in the other. Her flowing white robes are in pleasing contrast to the rich depth of her surroundings. Though of diminutive proportions this work is one which grips the imagination and makes one feel—Here is fundamentally good decoration.

Numerous are the flower pieces which have come down from the period and in the exhibition under discussion there were several in water color. In one basket of flowers painted against white there are revealed the same decorative elements and excessive care as to detail noticeable in the "Pomona." Bold forms of roses and tulips are contrasted with delicately lacy foliage.

It is evident, from the very real beginning handed down, that this gentle native art of ours, though it had but a brief period in which to thrive, was distinguished by strong characteristics. And, it is to be hoped that more and more attention will be devoted to its discovery, and its restoration to its deserved place.



DECORATIVE FLOWER PIECE. WATER-COLOR PROPERTY OF MISS MARY BACON

"POMONA." WATER-COLOR

PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON





"FLUSHING A WOODCOCK"

PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

American SPORTING PRINTS

THE EARLIEST American sporting prints were published before the middle of the last century, and so just come within the scope of that obligingly elastic word, "antiques."

So long as a dealer is able to describe any article he has for sale as "almost a hundred years old," he is justified in the eyes of the public in calling it an antique—much to the amusement of our British cousins. A few years ago none except a few enthusiasts had so much as heard of American sporting prints, but with the increasing interest in all forms of Americana somehow these sporting prints leaped into favor.

Before they became the fashion, collectors of sporting prints were collectors of English sporting prints and even today these faithful sneer quite openly at the idea of their being any reason for admiring our native products. They base their exclusion of Americana on the ground that there is nothing to be said of them—they have neither "periods," nor variety of treatment nor the grace and charm of their British predecessors. A dealer

Although more recent and crude than the finest English examples, they have great appeal to the collector

JO PENNINGTON

once solemnly assured the author that it would take "years of study" to write an article about English prints or to understand them sufficiently to discuss their merits with a collector.

There is a sacred jargon to be mastered; a knowledge of the popular engravers and their methods, and of the painters from whose work they frequently derived the subjects of their prints. All this is more or less true. The British print makers had a delicacy of touch and a skill in color that makes our own prints seem crude. But two things must be remembered: The best English prints appeared before 1830, and the earliest American ones appeared between 1840 and 1850. It is unfair to compare the American art in its infancy with the British art in its highest peak of perfection. Moreover, the British prints now coming to America represent the very finest examples produced because they command prices which the British collectors are unable to meet. The earliest English prints show the same weaknesses as our own; they are as gaudy and crude as ours and



"TROTTERS ON THE GRAND CIRCUIT"

PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

have but one purpose: to satisfy the same public craving for representations of popular race horses, trotters, pugilists; of coaching parties, hunts and fishing expeditions. The hard-riding, hard-drinking squirearchy of that day, that is, the middle of the eighteenth century, were usually well satisfied with what was in reality little more than a colored chart of a horse with his good points displayed as in a diagram; and our American public, a century later, was on a par with the squires, artistically speaking.

Since all such prints are necessarily realistic in treatment, the layman, for whom they were originally made may still enjoy them, freed from all necessity for indulging in any artistic patter. He may even go so far as to identify, if he can, the horses, pugilists, owners of trotters and famous sportsmen who figure in them. In England one identifies a duke or a prince; in America, the famous horses, Dexter or Fashion, the pugilist, Paddy Ryan, "The Trojan Giant," or Col. Kane, the enthusiastic coachman. There is a thrill, in looking at an English print, an aquatint, "The Four-In-Hand Club, Hyde Park," to read that the famous Count D'Orsay drives the foremost team; for D'Orsay was the lively lover of Lady Blessington—a brilliant horseman, a first-rate wit

even in a day of wits, an artist in living and, above all, one of the last of the great dandies. The print gives a very good idea of his immaculate dress and the carefully considered angle at which he was wont to wear his glossy, wide-brimmed hat.

But is the thrill any the less keen because identification of the figures in our own prints is made out of the memory of man? For example, a dealer in American prints showed a little old lady the lithograph of "Col. Kane's Coaching Party," and she was able to identify each of the members of the party.

Horse racing was the most popular subject of these American prints, with shooting and, later, pugilism not far behind. The horses themselves, their riders, their owners, as well as the races were all depicted in them. The costumes of jockeys and owners, especially when it indicates what the well-dressed man wore in the way of whiskers in the middle of the last century, are as strange to our eyes as the four-wheeler carriage or high-wheel sulky in which the former were seated. Then, as now, the owner of a famous horse did not scorn to break into the public prints on the back of his mount and so share in the reflected glory of its publicity.

Shooting and fishing prints are somewhat



"BLUE FISHING"

PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

monotonous in treatment. There are a few prints said to represent fox hunts on Long Island; but these are probably copies of English prints. There was fox hunting in America at that time but it was popular chiefly in Virginia. We must remember that shooting had, at that time, just crossed the border line between a necessity and a sport; not long before bears, wolves and lynxes were shot for the protection of the community rather than for amusement. In both the shooting and the fishing prints, the sportsmen's costumes indicate how long a period was to elapse before the general American adoption of "sports clothes." These amusements were at that time pursued seriously by their devotees, for recreation or even for the sake of the game that might be bagged. They were never merely an excuse for dressing up in a garb that would identify the nature of the sport for the chance spectator. The hunter of the fifties needed only a gun, in the way of gear; and high boots were the only departure from normal in a fisherman's costume. The ladies, apparently, thought a sporting expedition an occasion for donning their most becoming attire; and a print made in 1870, called "Trout Fishing," shows them in Dolly Varden dresses and plumed hats, as if angling were the daintiest of sports.

All sports found their way into these prints—football, curling, bowling, swimming and skating, yachting and billiards. Some of them throw an interesting light upon the methods then in vogue; for example, a print in *Valentine's Manual* for 1865 shows two boys playing baseball using the cricket pitch. There are even prints of E. P. Weston, the famous pedestrian who, at the time of the print, had walked only once around the world.

"Col. Kane's Coaching Party," one of the prints illustrating this article, is a famous one though not at all rare. It was used by a firm of carriage makers as their advertisement. Just because coaching is such an irresistibly romantic sport, one may be pardoned a little digression concerning it.

Tandem driving began in England in this way: gentlemen who had to drive long distances to the hunting meets found it impracticable to drive their mounts to the meet because the animals were too tired by the time they reached the appointed place. It was the custom to drive to the hunt and have one's hunters led to it that they might be fresh. One ingenious sportsman harnessed his hunter in front of the horse drawing his cart, and in time this form of driving became popular in itself. Out of this grew the private



"COLONEL KANE'S COACH"

PUBLISHED BY J. B. BREWSTER & COMPANY

coach, or drag as it is properly called, the four-in-hand type of coach erroneously called in America the tally-ho. The fortunate members of coaching clubs, both in the last century and today, are permitted delightful snobberies in the way of eliminating from their acquaintance anyone guilty of referring to private coaches as tally-hos, or who confuses the old road coaches and mail coaches with the private and sporting drags. Tally-ho is a Norman-French word, *taillis-au*, translated "to the coppice;" the cry with which the huntsman urged on the hounds. It belongs to foxhunting only and the harness of a real tally-ho has a fox or a fox head upon it. In a delightful book called a *Manual of Coaching* we read that "the drag should retain in all its appointments the sporting character. Unnecessary ornament of any kind is in bad taste. Down to 1870 drags were made to take only three persons on each roof seat; now they accommodate four persons." An account of a coaching party from New York to Philadelphia in 1878 is interesting to the modern motorist. It tells how the route, through Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway and Princeton and Trenton, ninety miles, was covered in eleven hours and twenty minutes; and the return journey accomplished in exactly the same time. The coachmen were Col. Delancey

Kane and eight other members of the club. Each provided his own teams, stationed at different points along the route. As the coach reached each of these stages, the coachman whose team was at that point drove to the next stage; and the member occupying the box seat with the driver was also changed at each stage that each gentleman might have the opportunity of observing a fellow-member's driving. Col. Kane and his brother were enthusiastic coachmen. The colonel drove his own drag, called the *Tally-ho*, daily from New York to Pelham and back, a distance of fifteen miles each way. It was this naming of Col. Kane's coach which gave rise to the erroneous use of the word tally-ho in America.

The great majority of the American sporting prints issued from the press of Currier and Ives; and the story of this firm, their methods and the artists they employed is as naïve as the products of their presses. Currier set up in New York at No. 1 Wall Street in 1835 with two hand presses as his complete equipment. Later he took Ives into partnership and the shop was moved to the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets. Their lithographs had all sorts of subjects—religious, sentimental, historical; travel prints and prints "for serious thinkers" such as the *Four Seasons of Life*;



"WILD DUCK SHOOTING"

PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

temperance, the freaks in Barnum's Museum, reproductions of paintings and, during the war, many caricatures and cartoons. From the same press came prints which caused the northerner to wave his own little flag and others that gladdened the heart of the southerner. All was grist that came to the mill of Currier and Ives.

Louis Maurer was the chief designer for the firm and a large number of their sporting prints bear his name. Maurer is worth an article in himself. He was himself a rider and a lover of horses, a thorough sportsman, an excellent marksman and a prolific worker. Some of the prints bearing his name he designed himself; others, though not so many, are reproductions by him of paintings, especially of the pictures of an English animal painter named Tait. He is still alive, about ninety-eight years old, and is still a keen sportsman. Nor very long ago he was invited to participate in a target shooting contest, but after he had hit four bull's-eyes, someone suggested that so long as he was a participant, the amusement scarcely came under the category of a sport. Only last Thanksgiving he told a caller that he did not expect to buy his own turkey; that he would win it by his marksmanship.

Curiously enough, a woman was another of

Currier and Ives' print designers. She was Mrs. F. E. Palmer, still called by those who knew her "Fanny Palmer." Her subjects were chiefly of wild game and of sportsmen in pursuit thereof. J. Cameron specialized in racing prints, portraits of pugilists and pictures of famous bouts.

From the middle of the last century until its close, sporting prints flooded the market, but with the increasing success and popularity of the illustrated magazines, they were driven from the field. They were unmourned and unsung for about a score of years; only a few collectors, chiefly sportsmen, taking any interest in them. Then suddenly the dealers decided that the public needed a new antique; and the old prints began to come to light. Two or three years ago, one of the big galleries sold them only in bundles of ten or twenty because they could not get more than fifty cents, a dollar or at most two dollars apiece for them. At the first public sale, held last fall, a lithograph with a very sentimental theme—"Home for Thanksgiving"—sold for eight hundred dollars; and early in February of this year the big gallery that had sold them only in quantity was advertising an important public sale, with each print carefully catalogued. The sporting prints are finer, artistically speaking, than any of the other types; but



"WATER-RAIL SHOOTING"

PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

the western series of prairie life are scarcer and so bring higher prices.

It is doubtful whether any serious attempt at artistry entered into the making of these old lithographs. They were made to sell to a market whose first demand was for an approach to realism. The horses must be recognizable, not only as horses but as particular animals. A great part of their interest to the sporting fraternity lay in the portraiture of the drivers, of the race horses and the members of the coaching parties. The print designers were graphic reporters. And, as happens occasionally in journalism, where lucidity and accuracy are of greater importance than literary style, the very restrictions imposed often saved a work from the pitfalls of over-elaboration and banality. In some of the prints, as in the "Flushing a Woodcock" illustrated here, there is evident an attempt to conform to the style then in vogue in painting, but for the most part they are simple statements, devoid of fussiness, of a sporting event. It is that quality of simplicity which made them so popular and gives them whatever of artistic value they may have. They belong to the category of "popular art," which is sometimes as bad as anything can well be but which has also produced works of very definite merit. And they are much more appropriate renderings of their subjects than

more elaborate presentations would be. The man genuinely interested in boxing would greatly prefer an account of a prize fight written by Hype Igoe to one of the same fight by Henry James.

But apart from their interest for collectors, they are being sought by those who have developed and can afford to indulge in the fashionable early-American complex. Lifting our skirts high to avoid the muddy Victorian period, we try to place our feet among the beauties of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but now and then we find to our dismay that even the sixties occasionally offered something that was naïve not alone by reason of being hideous. In spite of the discrepancy of time, if we be not period-bound, it does not seem incongruous to place on a wall above a pine dough-mixer or dower chest a Currier and Ives print. Because they are colorful and decorative they relieve a little the primness which too much early-Americanism sometimes carries with it. They are gay, realistic and—in more senses than one—artless. They bring back the spirit of those happy days when it was not a crime to admire a picture for the sake of its subject; those free old days before we were bound by the modern shibboleth: "I don't know anything about art but I know what I *ought* to like."

Illustrations by courtesy of Max Williams



"NOONDAY HEAT"

BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

A SMALL TOWN IN PAINT

THAT TRUTH is one of the least understood things in this world as well as one of the least common in daily intercourse is a fact borne out by many sententious sayings and epi-

grams in the pages of our literature. An atmosphere of much reading might be cast over this article about a young American painter through some superficial references to aphorisms concerning truth hunted up for the occasion. But I will content myself with pointing out that when Pilate asked of Christ, "What is truth?" he demonstrated that it was a moot question nineteen hundred years ago; and the tale of an ambassador, in an almost contemporary novel, who made a remarkable success in his profession by always telling the truth is cynical testimony to its rarity nowadays.

It is this very rarity of truth which puzzles most of us when we are faced with it. And because the pictures of Charles Burchfield are chiefly concerned with showing the truth about a certain ugly little Ohio town named Salem, when he first

Charles Birchfield has sought the truth in his portrayal of Salem, Ohio, and found art in its melancholy
William B. M'GORMICK

began exhibiting them the work disturbed those who saw it so much that many of them were incapable of forming a reasonable opinion as to what it was all about.

Indeed one art writer conceived the idea that Burchfield painted the pictures he exhibited because he "hates Salem, Ohio, and told the world about it in pictures" that "were remorseless in their scathing irony and quite overpoweringly convincing as works of art." This particular writer has since been informed, on the best possible authority, that Burchfield does not hate Salem. But he holds fast to the idea, nevertheless, mainly for the reason that truth is always regarded as being a trifle old-fashioned by the world's sophisticates.

Nothing possible could better illustrate the impression Burchfield made on New York than to say that after two exhibitions of the most informal character in a little bookstore in that city he became the subject of a touchingly romantic legend. He was, so the tale ran, a self-taught artist who supported himself by working



"THE FALSE FRONT"

BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

"WATERING TIME"

BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD





"WINTER SOLSTICE"

BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

as a coal miner and who painted pictures of Salem because he must paint something and had no means to go elsewhere. Once upon a time, so ran the tale, he saved enough money to journey to New York and he carried some of his pictures under his arm up and down Fifth avenue, receiving nothing but discouragement from the dealers' galleries until through accident he met the woman who managed the bookshop. She gave him the two opportunities to exhibit his work. This legend accompanied his work to London, where Burchfield's pictures were first shown in the autumn of 1922, making its appearance in print there as it may have done at home previously (for it was told often enough to art writers) without attracting any attention from those in a position to have first-hand information about Burchfield's career.

In refutation of the romantic legend as published in London the art world was informed that Charles Burchfield was not a self-taught artist, but had completed a four-year course at the Cleveland School of Art; that he was not a "miner painting in his odd moments" but was "employed, at a good salary, designing wallpaper for one of the largest manufacturers in the country, who is appreciative of his work, in which he has taken a great deal of pleasure." Burchfield's record also states that from 1919 to 1922 he had exhibited at the annual shows of the Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen, winning the first prize in watercolor and the Penton medal in 1921. Except through

his paintings and watercolors Burchfield is the least communicative of artists as to his career, yet I am compelled to believe that he has been a miner in Salem and is a designer of wallpaper since that occupation provides him the living that the sale of his pictures, up to 1922 at least, did not.

From his pictures, which are after all Burchfield's chief concern and ours as well, he presents himself as a man so wholly concerned with truth in one phase of his work as to be a realist of disconcerting frankness, while in his second form of expression he is almost classically romantic. Through the watercolors reproduced here called "Noonday Heat" and "The False Front," selected for the reason that they are perfect types of his representations of streets in Salem, it is plain to see how brutal Burchfield may seem to be in recording the facts composing those two scenes. In the first are the hideous store-fronts in the harsh brilliancy of the summer sunlight, the idlers on the steps of one of the stores too lazy to seek the shade, the ill-nourished horses at the hitching-rail, the ramshackle wagon. These effects are repeated in "The False Front," a picture now in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, only if anything they appear to be set down even more relentlessly, owing to the introduction of the pathetic attempt to make the store building more impressive in height, the mirey road and the depressing feeling of biting cold.

Whether Burchfield means to be a moralist or



"HOUSE OF DEATH"

BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

not in his art I have no means of knowing. But the disintegrating spiritual effect of unsuccess in life's business is nowhere more completely summed up than in these two pictures, particularly in those store-fronts with the rotted clapboards, the blistered corrugated iron, the warped frames, the weathered paint. All that is noted here in failure as represented through village life is reflected in the world of the farm in the watercolor Burchfield calls "Watering Time." The too-ambitious barns, ineradicable habit of the American farmer, with

their pathetic attempts at conventional ornamentation are hideous in themselves or when regarded as symbols of failure. And their structural unsoundness finds myriad economic echoes in the dreadful barnyard with its ill-conditioned horses. In this picture, as in "Noonday Heat," Burchfield uses color as unsparingly as he does human facts. In fact his color seems to be even more relentless, no tone or shadow escaping his eyes, his palette contributing quite as much as his passion for truth to the success of his painting.



"OCTOBER"

BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

Even in so drab a place as Salem evening comes in all its tender melancholy beauty and winter spreads its white coat over road and farm. Burchfield can see these things and paint them; but only as different accessory facts to his concern with Salem's houses and stables. Not even the word-painting of Dickens' in his picture of Tom All Alone's or Balzac's of that *pension* where dwelt Père Goriot presents human sordidness in more utter degradation than in the life suggested by the groups of houses on the outskirts of the town in the "November Evening" or lining a street-end in the "Winter Solstice." Yet here again the spectator standing before one of these pictures is so moved by the beauty of Burchfield's truth, as well as by his talents as a painter, as to almost forget all this sordidness and ugliness in the communicated spirit of his art, its clear intensity, its shining passion.

If Burchfield were given solely to this one form of expression he might be counted on to depress visitors to his exhibitions or owners of his paintings, particularly visitors and owners of the cast of mind who cannot see beauty in melancholy. His inclination toward the classically romantic is satisfied by giving almost sculpturesque treatment to those sorry nags of his Salem streets and

setting them at play in so fanciful a land as appears in his gorgeous canvas called "October." Facts concern him here only in his tree trunks, the modeling of his horses' heads, their gaits and postures. Elsewhere in compositions of this type the romantic is the pervading note as in this background of a cloud-filled world. It is interesting to note that in these romantic pictures human beings are seldom portrayed. Men take no part in the joyousness which Burchfield's galloping horses, and even his trees and clouds, seem to feel. Men, according to this painter, belong only in towns.

There is to be noted in his work falling within the romantic classification a joyousness of spirit that is a thing quite apart from that twin-spirit which evokes those versions of Salem's mean streets. His galloping horses are joyousness itself in their realization of the sense of freedom from man's control. His screen of trees serves as a graceful link between the worlds of fact and faery. And in that land of faery there dwells a vision, to those who may have the grace to see it, of the Burchfield who suffered and endured the vistas of Salem that he might, in the end, move and have his being in the world of art where if the noonday heat is often present there are Octobers just around the corner of the seasons for a reward.

AMERICAN Furniture DESIGN

GLANCING through the pages of Valentine's Manual of sixty years ago one is impressed with the interest that even then attached to old buildings.

Quaint corners on lower Broadway or an old house in William street were recognized as having enough pictorial value to be lithographed in colors and described with historical data. This is not strange, however, for when in the world's history were houses erected in greater contrast to these older buildings than in the period following 1860? The marvel is that architecture and furniture designing could have gone so far afield resulting in such dull and colorless creations as the brownstone fronts and the massive atrocities in furniture contained in them. Apparently, then, the people of that generation regarded the older forms in houses and furniture as mere objects of curiosity. They saw nothing either in the classical lines of 1800 or the huddled quaintness of 1700 that bore any relation to their own lives.

The fact is that the people of England and America in the period following our Civil War were interested in great industrial developments. Great wealth resulted and, with it, the desire to show this wealth in tangible form. To them massive buildings, high ceilings, heavy furniture and draperies seemed desirable. Not only because they were costly, but because they were removed as far as possible in design from

Three great periods, within the years from 1630 to 1825, form the basis of tradition in American cabinetmaking

RALPH G. ERSKINE

the lightness and "flimsiness" of the classical forms which they now despised as belonging to a less prosperous past. And as for the quaint lines of a pre-Revolutionary cottage or the sturdy furniture and pine paneling found within it, these could speak only of poverty and privation to the railroad builders and captains of industry in whose lifetime the world-wide institutions of our day had been developed. In fact the great majority of those men and women who built so massively and furnished so lavishly in Eastlake furniture with its machine-made ornaments and mouldings had early associations with the older

houses and furniture which made them vow that neither they nor their children should ever suffer the privations they had known in connection with the homes of their childhood.

In his introduction to the handbook describing the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, R. H. T. Halsey gives the clearest summary of the history of the utilitarian arts of the American Colonies and the early republic that has yet been presented. He divides the history into three periods, based on the influences in design that were most powerful in each. As an aid to remembering these periods it is well to form a mental picture of some important thing that the people were doing in each. This also makes the furniture more significant and, when one handles an original



A HOUSE OF THE EARLY PART OF THE FIRST PERIOD IN AMERICAN DESIGN, SHOWING ELIZABETHAN INFLUENCE. THE OVERHANG OF THE UPPER STOREYS IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE HOUSES OF THIS PERIOD, 1630 TO 1725

A MODERN TAILOR SHOP ON A BUSY STREET SHOWING THE APPLICATION OF TRADITIONAL DESIGN FOR THE PRESENT DAY





ORIGINAL ROOM OF THE FIRST PERIOD, SHOWING PANELING, BEAMS AND FURNITURE THAT ARE FULL OF INTERESTING DOCUMENT FOR MODERN APPLICATION IN DESIGN

piece from any period, this picture of the people comes vividly before him. He sees roads and paths with people on them; houses in each settlement; country estates and cities grow before his eyes and through it all he remembers that the only intercourse from north to south was by pacing it off, step by step, on foot or with horse or possibly by boat. Whether it be Franklin trudging from Boston to New York and on to Philadelphia, or Washington and his men, back and forth, up and down, doing so much of significance and interest, we wonder if they did not live three times as long as we to accomplish it all. So insignificant becomes our speed of travel, our trains and our motors.

The best dates to remember are: *First Period:* 1630 to 1725. *Second Period:* 1725 to 1790. *Third Period:* 1790 to 1825.

The First Period can be pictured by the founding of Plymouth, New England, 1620, and the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, 1607. Allowing a few years thereafter for winning a foothold, the actual making of things in which we are interested

begins about 1630. Elizabeth had died in 1603. The Virgin Queen; hence Virginia. But our colonial craftsmen had brought with them the Elizabethan traditions in design. For a long time in these distant provinces they made crude copies of court cupboards and chests with mitred mouldings and applied ornaments. Tavern tables with heavy stretchers near the floor. Butterfly and gate-leg tables with stretchers. Houses with Elizabethan gables, overhang of the second story and drop finials at the corners.

Probably there is no period quite so rich in interesting ideas for the modern home as this of the First. It is so genuine! So straightforward and free from ostentation. Those who would save money in building and furnishing and yet achieve interest and imagination, friendliness and those qualities which appeal to the heart should study the traditions of this First Period. One can reproduce an old kitchen living room with white pine paneled walls and doors or with clear wide boards of Douglas fir from the Northwest. Random widths of oak boards in the floor. Hand-hewn

beams requisitioned from an old barn for the ceiling, with rough plaster between. An old-time cupboard for books and papers. Tables and chairs built on the old lines with careful regard for details in construction and finish, but made comfortable for today. Wider latitude in rugs, draperies and accessories make the room colorful, liveable and modern in the sense that it is essentially an expression of our thought today, based on our inheritance of design from the past. When one considers that some of the most beautiful rooms that remain to us were the work of country carpenters, there is no reason why the simple details described above cannot be revived, considering the resources now at our command.

Of this First Period also is some of the most beautiful furniture ever created. These were troublous times at home in England. Cromwell raged up and down the land and so impressed his name upon the people that certain chairs and tables of austere form were called "Cromwellian." Charles II, with leanings toward the church of Rome, brought new elaboration to his furnishings and from them certain high-backed chairs with cane and carving were called "Carolean." The com-

mon protestants were cruelly persecuted. Then came many a good cabinetmaker to New England. They gave us our banister backs and Carolean chairs with "heart and crown" design. And lastly, the people of England invited William of Orange, the Hollander, to come over and be their king and he brought with him the best cabinetmakers of all. Fiddle-back chairs with cabriole legs and Dutch feet. Walnut highboys with trumpet turnings and delicate stretchers. Queen Anne followed and the same forms in furniture were continued.



AN AMERICAN CHEST OF THE FIRST PERIOD, MADE OF OAK AND PINE WITH SQUASH BALL TURNINGS AND PEGGED JOINTS, POSSESSES INSPIRATION FOR MODERN OFFICE FURNITURE



A DESK FOR THE MODERN OFFICE, ILLUSTRATING THE APPLICATION OF CONVENTIONAL DETAILS IN DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION, TAKEN FROM THE CHEST OF OAK AND PINE SHOWN ABOVE

Each development in style was paralleled in the Colonies, but with a restraint in form and a naive craftsmanship that was peculiar to our own people. This brings us to the end of the First Period at 1725. It has given us our quaint pieces of oak and pine and our most treasured pieces in walnut with herringbone inlays, figured woods and some of the choicest forms as a basis for modern living room and dining room furniture. In addition to this the modern executive office can be made more human and a better place for a man to spend his business hours by turning to simple paneling of pine, desks based on early oak and pine paneled chests and a ship's cupboard for his books and catalogs.

The Second Period—1725 to 1790. The Italian influence of the Renaissance had spread through France into England and our Colonies. Our seaports and our planters were prospering. The origin of the style was classical but of the voluptuous Roman type. Rococo carvings, elaborate and splendid, were deemed desirable. George II in his long reign from 1727 to 1760 inspired the Chippendales to change from the simple Dutch forms to claw and ball feet, hoofs of goats, festoons of flowers and fruit: luxury, variety, novelty; gilt, lacquer and Chinese ornament. This was not an age of design in which the modern builder can experiment with economy. Rooms and furniture were lavishly done in certain great houses of Virginia and Charleston. Philadelphia cabinetmakers copied these styles in mahogany. Our Revolution came in the heart of it all. The French styles and painted panels were added when the romantic Laurens went to France from Charleston, Jefferson from Virginia and Franklin from Philadelphia. New England was more conservative and held more nearly to the forms she had learned to love, until the Third Period came with its appeal of classic refinement and delicacy. It was this Second Period of Rococo that had the strongest influence on our people a hundred years later when a new prosperity followed the Civil War. The first Pullman cars! Our life insurance buildings were filled with carvings in mahogany. Our mansard houses harbored walnut sideboards with realistic carvings of fruit and dead crows hanging on their fronts for ornament. It was a hideous jumble of what the cabinetmakers of that industrial era thought was elegant in this Second Period, combined with a collector's mania for all knickknacks and styles of every age exemplified in Queen Victoria's saving of everything for the sake of sentiment. There is not much that appeals to the heart in the sophisticated elegance of the Second Period, nevertheless it will always offer

an outlet for the display of wealth and luxury and, when rooms are done with faithful adherence to its best traditions, there is no denying the atmosphere of richness, master craftsmanship and elegance that surrounds them.

The Third Period—1790 to 1825. Classic refinement in details of design, of houses and furniture. A return to sincerity and purity of line that seems to be a more logical sequence to the First Period than to the Second. In fact, a home built today that combines rooms and furniture of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—that is, the latter of the First Period and the first part of the Third Period—has greater unity and charm than any other combination. The causes of this comparatively sudden change to classicism are definite. Forty years before, two English architects had gone to Athens and made the first measured drawings of Grecian architecture. The influence of these was profound. Architects and designers studied them with a new delight and found immediate inspiration. The brothers Adam, Hepplewhite and Sheraton produced those choicest of all designs in furniture with instant success because they had gone to the purest sources for their design. The interest in the fountain head of beauty was so great that from 1800 to 1804 Lord Elgin brought to England some of the finest sculptures and architectural details of the Parthenon and Erechtheum, where they are preserved to this day. Here, then, is the inspiration for the classic enthusiasm of the early days of our Republic. Washington had been elected president the year before the date set for the beginning of the Third Period. Hepplewhite arm chairs were made for Mount Vernon which now we call "Washington chairs." Mirrors with thin projecting tops, cut in the Flame of Freedom design, with eagles of gilt that have been named "Washington Mirrors." McIntire in New England designed the exquisite classic details of the mansions of Marblehead and Salem. Secretaries, sideboards, bureaus and chairs innumerable—all characterized by delicate mouldings and inlays, finely modeled and minute in scale. Mahogany was the important wood at this time, with inlays of satinwood and sycamore, holly and ebony. There were delicate painted furniture and mirrors with painted panels of glass, often with some design symbolical of freedom.

The present trend toward quaintness and charm in design of exteriors and interiors in domestic architecture is due to the liberating influence of a return to tradition. We are freed from the deadening influence of a particular style of individuals as in the days of Mansard and



"AN AMERICAN INTERIOR"

by

Lewis E. Macomber

Eastlake. We are also striving to be free from the tyranny of the machine and, while there is a definite dishonesty in advertising and counterfeiting in design by dealers and manufacturers who take a few superficial characteristics and name them "Queen Anne" or "Hepplewhite," nevertheless there is a sincere searching for the truth and a more detailed study of the conventions of pure design in furniture and architecture than ever before. To be sure, there are quantities of commercial furniture made and sold that, for monstrosity of proportion and mixture of ornament, put to shame the most glorious concoctions of the Victorian era. The following is taken from a recent advertisement describing a piece of extraordinary proportions and mixture of design: *Commanding in its proportions, stimulating in the freshness of its design. A discreet blending of Italian and English Renaissance motifs, in French walnut, with rich redwood overlay effect, with our famous Corsican finish, the final touch of distinction.*

Unfortunately for those who wish to furnish a home at moderate cost and yet with regard to genuineness of tradition, there is not much furniture available that has been designed along those simple, primitive forms which lend themselves to low price. Most of the inexpensive modern furniture is a cheapened version of something that was in its original form costly to build and, therefore, still more expensive today if reproduced with fidelity to the style. The architects are far ahead in integrity of design. In California they start with a primitive adobe dwelling of the natives and find in it a wealth of inspiration for delightful houses, quaint and interesting, at modest cost. On Long Island a crude farm house furnishes the lines and details for a modern house that is the last word in comfort and a fitting place for old furniture and such pieces as have the ear marks of good breeding.

There is no doubt that we are in the full swing of a new period of design in architecture. A renaissance in the sense that there is a rebirth of historic phases of design but with a new application. For once it is an era that cannot be named for English or French royalty. It belongs to our own beloved land. If the present rulers of England have any influence on the spirit of design in their country it is evident, from their dress and such

things as, the doll's house made for Princess Mary, that it is one of clinging to things of the recent industrial era rather than any new vision of vitality and beauty. The infant Lascelles and his mother are pictured in a brass bed, while we are ransacking England and the Continent, as well as our New England and Southern attics, for historic forms in furniture to school ourselves in things that were the product of times when imagination and beauty of lines were paramount.

To turn the pages of one of our architectural magazines is an inspiration. In Urbana, Illinois, a library of purest Geor-

gian character by Charles Platt; in Buffalo a stately residence of the same style by the same hand. In Knoxville, Tennessee, by Barber and McMurry, a graceful villa-like house, full of the spirit of sunlight and repose, with slender columns and pure arches that speak of Florence, and yet completely acclimated to its own surroundings.

There is an obligation resting on the makers of furniture for our American homes and institutions to do more than copy in a slavish manner some old pieces or put out weird agglomerations under high-sounding names. We need the same sincere study in furniture design that the architects have given in their profession, and from the background of knowledge will spring a new development in furniture that is as quaint, as charming, as dignified, as well proportioned, as the houses that our people are building for their habitation.



AMERICAN BUREAU AND MIRROR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE THIRD PERIOD. THE WOOD KNOBS HAVE REPLACED THE METAL PULLS OF THE PERIOD. THE WOOD IS CURLY MAPLE STAINED WITH INDIAN RED. THE MIRROR IS OF MAHOGANY WITH GILT EAGLE AND FLAME OF FREEDOM DESIGN. BOTH PRESENT IDEAS FOR FURNITURE OF TODAY



THE WARNER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. BUILT 1718-1723

HOUSES *in Old* PORTSMOUTH

PLYMOUTH ROCK has been so well advertised that we are apt to forget that the neighborhood of Cape Cod was the site of only one of several early settlements in New Eng-

land. Three years after the landing of the Mayflower, in the summer of 1623 a company headed by David Thompson, from Plymouth, England, founded a fishing and trading station at what is now Portsmouth, New Hampshire. At first the settlement was known as "Strawberry Banke," a name it kept for thirty years. In 1653, when the town was incorporated under Massachusetts, it was rechristened Portsmouth. When New Hampshire became a separate province twenty-six years later Portsmouth was made the capital.

Most of the names connected with the early days of the city are those of traders and seafarers. Even though, today, we remember John Langdon as a governor and political leader in Revolutionary times, the fact is that it was as sailor, ship owner and merchant that he amassed the fortune which

One of the first of the New England settlements, several mansions dating from the Colonial days are there
ROBERT FISHER

made his later political activity possible. The Warner house, one of the show places, was built by a Scotch merchant, Archibald Macphedris. The Daniel H. Pierce house was built by a

descendant of that merchant Pierce who, in 1621, obtained a royal grant to Plymouth.

Few houses built prior to the eighteenth century remain, and it was not until the beginning of that century, when the early days of struggle were over, that houses of much architectural pretension were erected. Of these latter, the Warner house is one of the first. It is the oldest brick house in Portsmouth and was built between the years 1718-1723 of brick brought from Holland. Evidently, with his materials, Captain Macphedris imported suggestions for the design of his dwelling for the Dutch features are quite apparent. The captain was evidently an unhurried man who cared more for the solidity and permanence of his house than for its speedy completion. Five years seems a long time to wait for the home one builds



DOORWAY OF THE GOVERNOR JOHN LANGDON HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. BUILT IN 1784

for a bride. But when Sarah, the daughter of Governor John Wentworth, became its mistress the house must have been one of the finest in New Hampshire. Inside the eighteen-inch brick walls were paneled rooms filled with the furniture which Macphaedris had had made in England; the stair hall, from the entrance to the second floor, was decorated in fresco. Some of the original furniture is still in the house, and the paneling remains, a tribute to its unknown designer.

Although the names of most of the men who

designed the houses of the Colonists have been lost it is probable that most of them used the same books, published in England, as sources of inspiration. So it is not strange that there are many similarities in design. Two houses in Portsmouth, the Ladd and Langdon, are of the same type as the better known Longfellow house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Lee mansion in Marblehead. All of these have mansard roofs, fine Georgian details modified to suit frame construction, and splendid interiors.



THE DANIEL H. PIERCE HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. BUILT IN 1794

John Langdon, for whom the house which bears his name was built, was typical of the leading spirits in the Colonies. He began his career as a sailor, became a ship owner and merchant and then a leader in political life. He was captain in the New Hampshire militia, and, when war was declared with England, took part in the attack on Fort William and Mary, near Portsmouth, one of the first military actions of the Revolution. He was for many years a member of the New Hampshire legislature, a United States senator and, later, governor of his state. His house, built in 1784, seems to indicate that he was influenced in his taste by Chipendale's book, for, in the details of mantelpieces and mouldings there is a bolder sweep to the curves than is usual in

interiors of that day. Also, about the time when his house was being built, a cabinetmaker in

INTERIOR OF DANIEL H. PIERCE HOUSE





THE THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Portsmouth began to manufacture chairs, either copied from or inspired by Chippendale motives and it is possible that the same man executed some of the woodwork in the Governor's house.

It is probable that most of the carpenters and builders of colonial New England gained part of their skill through ship building. Certainly the influence of seafaring ways is strongly evident in the architecture of the coast towns. The flat-

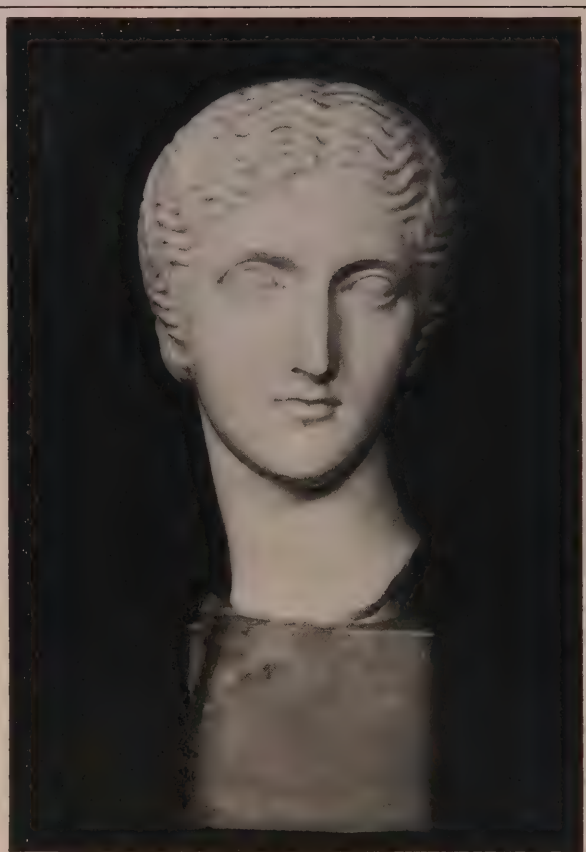
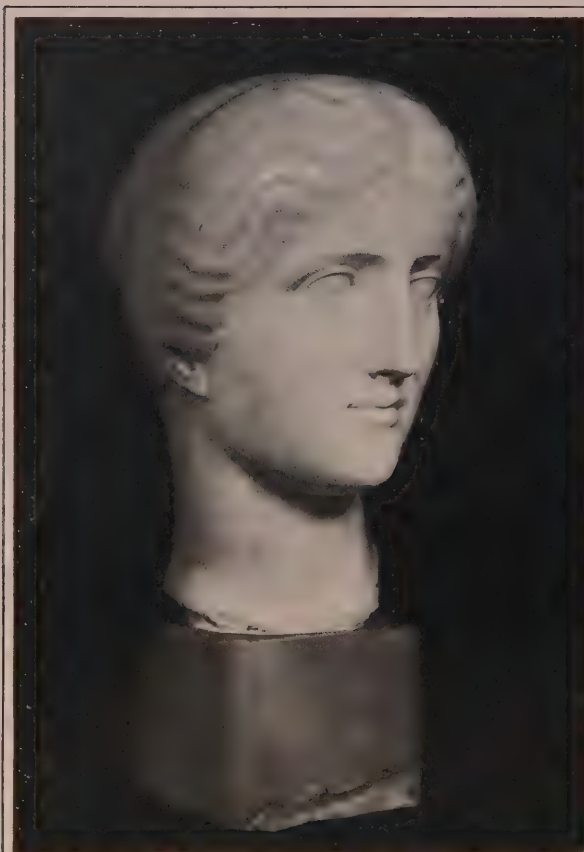
decked roofs and watch-tower cupolas are surely a result of lives closely bound to the sea and ships. Almost all of the houses which commanded a view of the ocean had some sort of elevated lookout. Few of them, however, had a more imposing tower than that of the Daniel H. Pierce house in Portsmouth. The stress laid on the vertical elements and the lack of strong horizontals make it difficult to appreciate the actual proportions of the house.

The detail, particularly of the interior, is very fine.

Of quite another type is the house which has recently been made a memorial to Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Simpler than the others it is the sort of house which is most characteristic of the New England towns. Its gables and plain walls are in excellent proportion and there is a dignity inherent in its lines which is often missed in the more ornate dwellings. It is, one feels, above all else a house for comfortable living.

VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF THE THOMAS BAILEY HOUSE





MARBLE HEADS

BY ELI NADELMANN

HEADS *by* ELI NADELMANN

PATRONS of the New York art galleries have been familiar, for many years, with the marble heads executed by Eli Nadelmann. They know, too, the figures of animals, both in marble

and bronze, which have come from this sculptor's hands. And in all of his work they have remarked the close tie between this twentieth-century artist and the stone cutters of Greece and Asia Minor. For his art, as is that of no other contemporary sculptor save Manship, is related to the Lycian forms, and yet into all of his productions he has infused new life. The antique has been his inspiration, never his model.

Both in the forms he employs and in the technique by which he renders them he has been called, sometimes disparagingly, "modern." But it is in neither of these things that his modernity lies. His form is pure Greek; not the Greek of Phidias and the Golden Age but that of the eastern colonies on the Mediterranean seaboard where the various expressions of East and West were fused.

Madame Helena Rubinstein has formed a collection of the works of this sculptor which idealize beauty

VIRGINIA H. DAVIS

His technique, the highly polished surfaces which distinguish his work, is no newer than Egypt. Even his frequent combination of stone and metal has its ancestry in classic sculpture.

In fact, the outworn adjective, "modern," becomes more than ever ridiculous when applied to his work, either in praise or blame. The date of a work of art is its least important attribute.

What Nadelmann has done is this: Wearied by the multiplicity of anemic monuments which the ever-thinning trickle of classic tradition has produced in recent years he has gone back to original sources for his inspiration. So he has produced an art which is alive and, to eyes which have become accustomed to the erections which deface our public places, new.

When he first exhibited his work it was acclaimed by two groups of persons: those who had real appreciation and those who saw in him what they took to be another expression of the latest fad. Some of these latter have since arrived

at a saner viewpoint on art; they no longer feel called upon to praise a thing because it is out of drawing in a way they have not seen before. To the first group, those who had a true critical background and were able to distinguish between a work of art and the product of a movement, Madame Helena Rubinstein belongs. Accustomed to beautiful things and delighting in them, she recognized the esthetic quality inherent in Nadelmann's work and began the formation of a collection of heads by this sculptor. The five illustrated herewith are from her collection.

In these heads are typified four idealized types of feminine beauty, yet all of them strongly suggest the Greek. And in them all is a quality of dignity and repose. Restraint is here; there is no fussiness, no unnecessary line. Each is an expression of the artist's statement of beauty, simply told. And it was in these stanzas in Nadelmann's poem in stone that Madame Rubinstein recognized another version of her own feeling for beauty.



MARBLE HEAD

BY ELI NADELMANN

In the setting in which she has placed them they add distinction to their surroundings and, at the same time, are themselves more readily appreciated.

BRONZE HEADS

BY ELI NADELMANN



A Great Gift to the Cathedral



THE CATHEDRAL of St. John the Divine, in New York City, will, when completed, bear much the same relation to America that Westminster has to England, Milan to Italy or Notre Dame to France. It will be much more than the finest Episcopal church in the United States; it will be a symbol of the worship of God by all the races and creeds of our country. It is fitting that in such a place great works of art, the summit of man's achievement, should be found. In them the artists have given expression to the spiritual emotions of mankind. An example has been set by Mr. Kleinberger, of the Kleinberger Galleries in New York, which it is to be hoped that many others will follow. He has recently given one of Veronese's masterpieces, "The Baptism of Christ," to the Cathedral. The painting is one of the few works of this Venetian artist in America.

"BAPTISM OF CHRIST"
BY PAOLO VERONESE



"SAN DIEGO HILLS"

BY MAURICE BRAUN

PAINTER of EAST and WEST

EAST and West, if they are only so far apart as Connecticut and California, usually do not meet amiably as the main sources of a landscape painter's inspiration. This

is true in case he desired to paint them intimately rather than as a traveler records his superficial impressions. Maurice Braun, having lived many years on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, is equipped by experience to paint each familiarly, and he is further enabled by his manner of approach to do justice to their quite different types of landscape. This method of approach involves an unusual effacing of himself from his work, of his personal mood, as well as an earnest effort to let nature speak for herself. He has been able to get at the fundamental qualities in both because he is not burdened with the idea that art is solely "a way of looking at things" and that nature only provides a theme. He has even said that he

Maurice Braun makes art subservient to nature in his renderings of landscapes of Connecticut and California

HELEN GOMSTOCK

deliberately avoids originality of style, which is a brave assertion to make when a personal manner of expression and even mannerisms attract more than a fair amount of attention.

This avoidance of a mannered style on Braun's part has kept his eyes first on nature and then on the development of his art, which in his case has been content to play the part of handmaid. To the stylist whether in prose or painting, the manner of expression is apt to usurp some of the place that rightfully belongs to content. There is greater flexibility in the art which is not too much given to style. Flexibility is the quality which Braun has preeminently. He adapts himself to each change of scene and does not look at a Connecticut meadow through eyes adjusted to the scale of California.

Maurice Braun was born at Nagy Bittse in Hungary in 1877 and arrived in New York when



"MEADOW IN SPRING"

BY MAURICE BRAUN

he was only three years old. When he began to study painting he went to the National Academy of Design where his instructors were E. M. Ward, George W. Maynard and Francis C. Jones. Later he traveled in Europe but his journey was one of observation only. He did not enter any of the schools. When he returned to this country it was not long before he went to California to live. It was about 1910 that he gave up whatever interest he had had in figure painting and definitely decided on landscape. He was living in the heart of a country which is irresistible to a painter. From his studio on Point Loma he could look across the bay to San Diego and on to the mountains of Mexico in the distance. The continuous interplay of color and form, both projected on a Titanic scale, brought mountains, sea and sky into a pageant which demanded recording. For the next ten years he found most of his subjects in this region with an occasional interlude in which he left the Coast Range for the more rugged Sierras. His work in the latter region is exemplified here in the painting "Lower Gale Lake" whose frigid clear atmosphere is quite different

from the golden mists which make his "San Diego Hills" radiant. The latter won a gold medal at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego in 1915 and another landscape of his won a similar award at the International Exposition held there a year later. His pictures are in the municipal collection of Phoenix, Arizona, and the San Diego Museum. During this period he frequently sent pictures to the National Academy of Design in New York, having won a Hallgarten Prize there in 1900. He held several exhibitions in New York galleries and in 1921 closed his Point Loma studio and returned to the East to paint. He first established himself in a studio at Silvermine, near Norwalk, Connecticut, and later in Lyme where he was represented in the annual exhibition of the Lyme Art Association in the summer of 1923.

During his eastern visit he held one exhibition in Hartford and later another in New York, at the Macbeth Galleries. He also sent a group of landscapes to Dallas, Texas, and various cities of the Southwest. In Dallas fourteen of his paintings were sold within fifteen minutes after the



"LOWER GALE LAKE, HIGH SIERRAS"

BY MAURICE BRAUN

exhibition opened, while the entire collection of twenty-four was sold by the end of the second day. His pictures are liked by the majority of people because he sees nature as they do; they are wholesome; the atmosphere that circles freely in them is remarkably fresh and invigorating; beauty and

serenity prevail. Braun is not only a poet but an optimist. He calls attention to the enduring majesty and peace that exist in nature, let man do what he may.

Although he remained in the East only two years he did not come to his painting of it a



"WINTER EVENING"

BY MAURICE BRAUN

stranger. The impressions of his boyhood were there to make him feel at home in the Connecticut woods and meadows when he began to paint them. He delighted in the change of seasons and the marked differences in the face of nature after the more uniform appearance of California through the year. He felt all the more intensely the charm of the restricted solitudes of some modest forest shut in by low hills because before this his spirit had been played upon by the grandeur of magnificent horizons.

In speaking of his ideas about art, his own art, he says that he tries to paint impersonally. If a mood colors his paintings, it comes from nature herself. He does not dream over his paintings, as, for instance, Corot did, whose emotion was the essence of his art. Braun also says he selects for his subjects what seems beautiful and worthy of representation, according to an ideal ever present in mind. He does not idealize nature, but he searches for the motif that he feels comes up to the standard of which she is capable. He would not change arbitrarily, creating something of

which she only suggested the foundation. It must be all from nature, but from nature at her best.

Braun believes in the superiority of the American school of landscape painting. He regards it already as supreme and predicts a great future for it if there can be established here the principles of a more universal culture. All the arts are interlocking, give and take from each other. No man can be a great artist who has not some vision of other arts than his own. He must have some background with which to enrich his own expression. We are becoming so much a nation of specialists that we are apt to enforce limitations even on our artists.

With Braun art must be ennobling, uplifting, expressing the highest and best emotions of the race. Things sordid and hideous may provide a powerful subject for art, but to this painter's way of thinking they do not deserve to be chronicled artistically. His art is the close reflection of his thought, serene, calm, devoted to the beautiful, a note of assurance among the more or less discordant voices that clamor in our ears today.

GABBAGES AND KINGS DEOGH
FULTON

A NEW RACE, differing in many ways from the heroes of old, has been admitted to mythology. Instead of slaying dragons and rescuing ladies fair they sat; instead of going forth to battle, men and gods together, they went to bed. Such, at least, is the evidence. No Homer has sung the glories of this people or given them life; their thin ghosts wander unhappily through shops, galleries and auction rooms. But, if one listens carefully, the echo of their ancient chant may be heard:

*Hickory maple pine cherry
Banister ladderback windsor
Wistarburg Sandwich and Stiegel
Primitive waxwork engraving.*

For these were the Early Americans.

Even where some acquaintance with American history persists, there seems to be small connection between the actual people and the race whose furniture we buy. For we think of statesmen and soldiers as active, and chairs are our chief heritage from the E. A.'s; chairs and beds and portraits of unhappy ladies and gentlemen stiffly sitting. These were no "embattled farmers."

It would be almost as difficult to reconstruct the New York of Petrus Stuyvesant from the top of the Woolworth Tower as to get an impression of the Americans of his time from the collections of antiques displayed in shops and auction rooms. The objection will be raised that to give such an impression is no part of the business of salesrooms. True. But why, then, this chanting of the mystic spell "Early American?" Why the attempt to read into furniture and paintings qualities which they have not? Can it be for the same reason that the stores on Third Avenue, in New York, which a few years ago sported modest signs of "Second Hand Furniture Bought and Sold" now carry, in the largest letters which space will permit, the magic word "Antiques?"

The Chinese, we are told, worships his great-grandfather and respects his former possessions. Such an attitude is, to our more cultivated minds, ridiculous. So we reverse the procedure.

I have no quarrel with furniture made in America in the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. I like it; and, when I can afford to, buy it. But I am not at all sure of just what an "Early American Atmosphere" would be or that it would be pleasant if found. For many even of the New England towns which are today so charming, are so largely because the activity which built them has moved on leaving a simple

record. The colonists built simply because they lacked time and money to be elaborate; because, having both, they could afford and appreciate simplicity; or, and most important, because the builders were craftsmen to whom good construction was an essential factor in all work.

Therein, I think, is the answer, often stated and as often forgotten, of the real value of their productions. To build well is the foundation of enduring work in any craft. And that is why, dollar for dollar, the furniture which was built on that basis by the early craftsmen and cabinet-makers is often better than new. This, of course, has nothing to do with collectors. A true collector is a man to whom rarity is the final standard. No normal man is without the passion in some form or other and, as collectors, we live in a fortunate time. In another hundred years the tortured Queen Antics of the mid-nineteenth century may be the vogue and certainly will be admitted to the category of "rare and valuable antiques." That time may not be even so far away. The supply of genuine pieces of furniture in maple, pine and cherry—woods which, although so fashionable today, were scarcely noticed until it became difficult to find mahogany—has limits.

Save your horsehair!

Another version of the Early American legend is found in portraits. Not in those by Stuart, Morse, Trumbull, *et al.* Not at all. Those mythical E. A.'s were Primitives. Somehow Primitives have always impressed me as persons with whom it would be difficult to get on. Imagine, if you can, being asked to amuse the "Dover Baby" whose portrait was reproduced in the February number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. The child, as the caption stated, was probably of the seventeenth century and certainly, as the caption did not state, of another world. It was suggested, you will remember, that a more exact dating of the picture might be made from the bottle which the child grasped so firmly and so insistently displayed.

I was seized by the antiquarian urge. And, allowing for the isometric drawing of the bottle in the portrait, the duplicate was found. Not, as one might suppose, in a museum or collector's case, but in that of a druggist on Sixth Avenue. Moreover, the bottle contained a mixture guaranteed to promote the growth of hair. I looked again at the portrait, noted the astonishing hirsute accomplishments of the child. Here, I said, is a great discovery—the first Early American advertisement.



"CHILD WITH A KITTEN"

Courtesy of the Dudensing Gallery

AN EARLY AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

Quite as interesting, in its own Primitive way, as the "Dover Baby" was the portrait in the same exhibition of the "Child With a Kitten." For the E. A.'s, as befitted a unique race, had their own fauna. Pictures of their horses I had seen before, and dogs. It has been my privilege to gaze at one animal, safely snared in a hooked rug, which increased my respect for the domesticators of such a savage monster. But a kitten was a pleasing addition to the zoology.

Not all of the portraits are startling. Many of them give the impression that they are remarkable likenesses. Almost all of them can far more justly be called naïve than can the sophisticated simplicities of many modern painters and designers. They represent the peasant, or village, art of America in the days before communication between the cities and rural districts was general. As such they are interesting ethnologically. And in a world where art and art criticism is a solemn

matter they are refreshing. A great deal of serious nonsense has been and will be written about them. They are things to be enjoyed, nevertheless.

As for the furniture, the new wing in the Metropolitan is an almost complete answer to any question. There are rooms in which the furniture and decoration dates from as early as the middle of the seventeenth century to about 1825. They are rooms in which one would like to live; and the curators have done a wise thing. The dates of the pieces and of the rooms are not prominently displayed; your first impression is of the things themselves. Afterward, if you are curious, you may discover their time and origin. And, if the labels were scrambled, if the rooms were called English, French or Dutch, they would be just as satisfying. For the furniture itself is fine.

Evidently this is simply another form of the old question as to whether an object or its label is the more valuable. And here is a case in point. A set of chairs is declared to have been made by Duncan Phyfe. The tag is written and the set appraised at three thousand dollars. An expert proves that the set is a forgery; the chairs do not change but their price decreases to five hundred dollars. Obviously, then, the tag was worth twenty-five hundred dollars—five times the value of the chairs. Some day a Philistine will organize a *Society for the Suppression of Labels*; for this, at least, is true: a tag may be extremely valuable but one cannot sit on it with any comfort.

Another chapter has been added to *La Vie de Bohème*.

The story begins in the Paris studio of an American sculptor, with such a setting as Murger or Du Maurier might have used. A huge bare room, sparsely furnished and probably not too tidy. There was a model stand covered with a thick cloth and near it a modeling table supporting a clay figure wrapped in a damp sheet. One man, the sculptor, was there, walking about, arranging his tools. He started to lift the cloth from the figure.

"No, I will not look at it until she comes."

Someone knocked and he opened the door eagerly, but it was only the concierge with a note: "I cannot come to you any more. I have gone with B . . . to Normandy."

Today he would have finished. There was so little to be done; only to be sure that it was perfect, as perfect as the figure of the girl who had been his model. Sadly he pulled the cloth from the clay. Just then some friends came in, another sculptor, a painter, a musician.

"Lee! *Jacques a de la monnaie! Viens! On*

va boire . . . Sacré dieu!" The speaker had seen the torso.

Lee had kept it hidden from everyone. His "When it is finished" had become a by-word.

The men crowded around the figure, silently. The painter's quiet, "*Un chef d'oeuvre, mon ami,*" broke the tension. They laughed, they cried, they beat him on the back, for they thrilled to the beauty he had created. They dragged him out into the street, to a café. Soon all the quarter knew and hailed the *artist*.

Back in the studio that night Lee again uncovered the torso. For a long time he looked at it and at the note he had received that morning. Then, across the base, he traced the word "*Volupté*."

He had only a mild success when he returned to New York, and "*Volupté*," in marble now, stayed in his studio. Friends knew it; they came to see it when they felt discouraged or over-cynical and to revive their courage. For works of art are rare. It was one of these appreciative friends who insisted that the torso be sent to Philadelphia for the Academy exhibition of 1924. As all the world knows it was awarded the Widener Gold Medal, the highest prize for sculpture in America. The Medal in no way increased the value of the torso as a work of art, but it did affix the official seal so that many persons who might otherwise have missed it were led to see its beauty. Photographs were published in many magazines and newspapers and America hailed the *prize winner*. Then, for a time, the torso and Lee were forgotten.

When "*Volupté*" was returned from Philadelphia several persons enquired about it, among them a representative of the Metropolitan Museum. Lee was working on a memorial which an architect had ordered for his family, a piece of work which should have paid him well. He had had trouble about payments, not because of any dissatisfaction or lack of money on his client's part, and in spite of the fact that Lee had turned down other commissions in order that he might finish this one within the time that the architect had set. Why the trouble no one knows, except that there are men whose self-esteem is fed by putting difficulties in the way of their betters. The sculptor's rent for one quarter was overdue and the next rent-day was near. The day came and passed and brought with it no payment from the architect, although one had been promised.

"At least," Lee asked him, "pay the rent so that I can go on with your figure."

The architect was evasive.

Then word came that the torso was to be pur-

chased for the Metropolitan and, on the heels of this good news, the landlord. The landlord is a quiet old gentleman, wise in the way of artists. "Mr. Lee," he said, "I am busy today. I am going to a concert. But I really must see you on Tuesday." This was Thursday.

Lee told him of the Museum. A check, he said, was sure to come soon, but might not be in time.

"No, Tuesday will be the best day."

The sculptor did everything in his power to hurry the actual purchase. Tuesday came and brought no check with it. He wrote his landlord that he expected to have the money by Saturday. That if he did he would pay, not only all that was due but a year in advance as well. That if the money should not come they would part as good friends. On Saturday the check came and the rent was paid as Lee had proposed—six months due and a year in advance. Monday brought this letter from the landlord:

"Dear Mr. Lee:

I congratulate you on your success; on your letter of Tuesday; on your way of doing business."

Somehow, the story got out. Reporters swarmed to Macdougall Alley. There were headlines—"Metropolitan Saves Artist From Eviction." Among the reporters was a man from one of the news reels. He believed in realism, even if fictitious. So the torso was carried out into the street and chairs and personal belongings piled about. Through the eye of the camera Lee was seen as an artist, thrust from his home by a cruel fate, but still working on his masterpiece. That was all the cameraman had intended to show but a movie, once started, seems hard to stop.

A friend of Lee's came to see him. The reporter immediately included him in the *dramatis personæ* and he was pressed into service as the hard-hearted landlord. Lee went back to his work; the qua landlord approached, a cold and cruel smile on his face, clutching the eviction papers. With appropriate gestures he handed these to the sculptor.

No plea could soften his hard heart. Snow was falling. (It wasn't, but that will undoubtedly be the caption.) The artist bowed his head and should have gone out into the night. But hold!

Dashing across the cobblestones of the Alley a messenger came fast. (Realism stumbled there. No messenger ever ran.) He bore aloft an envelope. Rushing up to the artist he thrust the precious burden into his trembling hands. (Of course "precious burden" is synonymous with child, but Little Eva was left out of the picture

and some heart interest must be introduced.) Lee tore the envelope open and, true to tradition, a paper fluttered to the ground. He picked it up. The check! The old home was saved.

Triumphantly he handed the check to the landlord, demanding instant change. The villian was foiled. He didn't have it. So they carried the torso into the studio. Such is the movie version, and the newspaper accounts are not very different.

Now, Arthur Lee's picture and that of the torso have been published far more widely than before. Everyone knows that "Volupté" has been purchased for the Museum. Persons who were scarcely polite to him a few days ago now seek him out; he has been offered many honors and commissions. All of which is very nice but, although he has been showered with compliments on *the fact of the purchase* no one, who had not done so before its official recognition, has congratulated him on the creation of a work of art.

The whole story is an interesting commentary on appreciation, whether it proves anything or not.

Art has had many slaves, human and mechanical, but it has remained for this generation to press the air into her service. There are many otherwise intelligent people to whom the radio is anethema; it represents another phase of the speeding-up process which characterizes the present age. Such persons despise the telephone, although they are compelled to use it; they secretly mourn the day when one wrote notes and had them delivered by a runner; when carriages conveyed their owners on leisurely errands; for, as Mulvaney sighed, "The times that was."

The apostle of art to use this latest method of reaching his audience is Mr. Walter Grant of the Anderson Galleries in New York City. Mr. Grant has organized a radio campaign for the dissemination of art appreciation. Representative critics are to deliver short talks on various phases of this somewhat intricate subject. There is no question that they will reach a far greater number of persons than they could ever hope to through the pages of publications of similar aim.

The first of these talks was delivered a short time ago by Mr. Karl Freund who made an appeal for the development of a more personal taste and expression. He advised his hearers to buy and use only those things which they really liked for, he told them, it was very doubtful if they would be happy with things which had been chosen for them by a man whose whole cultural experience and background might have been entirely different from their own.



"PORTRAIT OF MARION DAVIES"

by

Nikol Schattenstein

ART and OTHER THINGS By GUY EGLINGTON

ADVERTISEMENT

THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS, FOR THE USE OF ASPIRING AMATEURS, the publication of which begins in this issue, is a work which has been long and eagerly awaited by our readers. Conscious as we have been of the crying need for such an opus, made doubly conscious by the daily inquiries we have received from our subscribers and by our own private doubts as to the exactitude of the modern science of criticism, we had almost despaired of finding a philologist who would be at once eminent in his own field and sufficiently au courant with the latest slang of Fifty-seventh Street to undertake so herculean a task. It is therefore with justifiable pride that we present the present compilation, the work of a committee of critics of international reputation. We trust that it may prove of inestimable service not only to those amateurs for whom it was composed, but also to dealers, collectors, U. S. Senators, Chatauqua lecturers and cross-word puzzle experts. To this distinguished public we have the honor to dedicate our classic work.—THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE

BEFORE giving credit to my distinguished colleagues for their valuable help in this monumental compilation, it would be well to make clear the exact nature of our collaboration. They, it is true, supplied the vast majority of the words; neglected, however, in most cases to give more than a passing hint of what they intended them to mean. It has therefore fallen to my lot to supply the definitions, for the exactitude of which I can under the circumstances accept only limited responsibility. Since, however, even an inaccurate definition is better than none at all, it is with reasonably equanimity that I acknowledge their sterling assistance. Among many others I am especially indebted to the following authorities:

Miss Ackerman; Messrs. Bach, Bell, Berenson, Brinton, Burroughs, Conway, Cortisoz, Dodgson, Eglinton, Fry, Hine, Ivens, Mather, McBride, Meir-Graefe, Offner, Pach, Pope, Riefstahl, Toch, Valentiner, Van Dyke, von Bode, Vollard, Watson, Weitenkampf, Wright; and, also, to the publishers of the following magazines: Arts and Decoration, Burlington, Colour, International Studio, Studio, The Arts.

These are, as all the world knows, Olympians. It was therefore hopeless to look to them for anything but Olympian expressions. It has been necessary to look elsewhere for a stock of suitable phrases for minor occasions. To this end the *Dictionary of Medical Terms*, especially those applying to the digestive organs, proved of the greatest possible assistance and I can confidently recommend it to the up-to-date critic.

—THE EDITOR

A

ABSTRACT—Formerly the big stick of the modern critic. Implies that a person has the power of considering the forms and colors of an object

without reference to the object itself. Before this austere conception fashionable painters were wont to quail. Going out of style in up-to-date criticism. The bright young man will do well to use ABSOLUTE in its place.

—ION—The kind of picture that one tries so hard to like.

ACADEMY—A quaint, old-time institution surviving by virtue of its picturesque ceremonies. Once the jealous upholder of craftsmanship, the only prerequisite of membership is now a whole-hearted devotion to the styles of the past, meaning thereby nothing less than fifty years old, nor more than three hundred. Members may be distinguished by their gold medals. Functions as trades union to protect *retardataires* and distribute prizes. Since the invasion of the Hispanic and Slavonic forces its hold on fashionable society has been sadly weakened.

—IC—Work done in response to and in the manner of, another artist, preferably dead. See also under EMASCULATE.

ANATOMY—The one-time battle-cry of academies, now—alas—obsolete. Seems to have had reference to the internal arrangements of ladies in deshabelle. One still hears it used occasionally by commercial artists (*q. v.*) who do their best to maintain what they conceive to be the tradition of craftsmanship. Otherwise the term has become almost purely medical.

ANTIQU—A label indicating that the price must not be considered in relation to the cost of production. See also under AUTHENTIC, EXPERT.

ARCHAIC—Vulgarly applied to men who aspire to be primitive, this rare quality is more properly

the attribute of the work of a man who uses his own eyes.

—ISTIC—By the same token may be applied to the work of a man who uses the eyes of a man who used his own eyes. See also under MES-
TROVIC.

ART—The Mumbo Jumbo of the modern world. Esoteric (*q. v.*) term invented to render mysterious a simple if not too common process. *Phil.* May be applied to anything that, fashioned by man's hand or brain, is endowed with the potentiality of life and growth.

—IST—One who makes works of art. *Coll.* A purveyor of luxury to the leisured classes. See also under FASHION, FLATTERY, FLATULENCE.

—ISTIC—Mysterious sensibility with which the feminine sex was endowed in the Garden of Eden, enabling it to arrange objects pleasantly in a room. See also under INTERIOR DECORATION.

—ISTIC TEMPERAMENT—Excellent excuse for unconventional and inconvenient behavior at all times.

—ISTRY—Euphemism for sleight of hand.

AUTHENTIC—The battle-cry of dealers and museum curators.

B

BEAUTY—Powerful formula for exorcising the modern devil. Exclusive property of painters of well-dressed women and landscapes suitable for calendars. *Phil.* A relation perceived by the artist between superficially unrelated objects and between these objects and himself. Must not be confused with LOVELINESS, which is dependent on the affection which the individual bears to the object in and for itself. Excellent subject for sophomore debate: "Is — necessary to Art?" See also under DEGAS, PALM OLIVE, ZIEGFELD.

BOLSHEVISM—Popularly considered a synonym for anarchism, of which it is of course the exact opposite. The terror of the academies, reactionary with neither starting-point nor goal. The haven of the formalist, afraid of freedom. *Coll.* Expression invaluable to defenders of things as they are, however they may be. Slightly shop-soiled.

BOSTON—Art Colony in Anglo-Irish America, founded under the celestial patronage of Vermeer of Delft. See also under CODFISH.

BOURGEOIS—Strange but not uncommon type, found everywhere, deriving its characteristics from the amazing assortment of feather beds, kitchenware and glass bric-a-brac in the midst of which it arrives, God knows how, into this world, and to which it clings with pathetic, almost tragic, loyalty. *Chief characteristics:* A total inability to perceive any quality in a work of art excepting only those hallowed by association, nor any relation between people or things not sanctified by precedent. Born in a state of material and intellectual muddle, it is temperamentally incapable of sorting out its mental and material furniture. Amongst its possessions of both kinds are often things of great beauty and value but such is their *milieu* that even the finest achieve an air of mediocrity.

BRUSHWORK—W. M. Chase's legacy to American art. See also under MASCULINITY.

G

COLOR—Recent invention. Copyright in dispute. Claimed by Dr. Christian Brinton for the Diaghileff decorators and by Willard Huntingdon Wright for the Synchronists. Adopted by orthodox moderns as emblem of membership. See CHEVREUL, MONET, ODILON REDON, WHISTLER and other inventors of patent palattes. *Fem. Coll.* The saccharine that coats the artistic pill.

COMMERCIAL—Term of particular importance in the vocabulary of unsuccessful painters.

——— ARTIST—A man who paints so well that one is continually surprised that he is not an artist.

COMPLEX—The most valuable German invention of recent times. Indispensable dish for the fashionable dinner party. An intimate tie between the woman and art. See also under NYMPH, NYMPHOLEPSY, NYMPHOMANIA.

COMPOSITION—A system of rules most helpful to the unhappy painter who has spent his widow's cruse of oil without receiving the promised replenishment from on high. Helps the insufficient, acts as a useful curb on his creative power, until he finally realizes the fact and kicks it out of doors. Its reinstatement urgently recommended in all academies, from whence, at the approach of the so-called Modern Spirit (the spirit, that is, of 1848) it was rudely dispelled. See also under CONSTIPATION.

COSMIC—One of those little words with which the feminine soul strives to evoke the infinite.

— **CONSCIOUSNESS**—The ability to hear the heartbeats of the millions, often combined with a singular deafness if the number is decreased. Recommended for use in spiritual drawing rooms. See also under **FOURTH DIMENSION**.

COSMETIC. The other side of the penny.

CUBIST—Natural child of Pablo Picasso, abandoned on Albert Gleizes' doorstep. Still enjoys a certain subterranean fame, thanks to the tireless efforts of its foster-father. See **GLEIZES** and **METZINGER**.

CUBISM—Gleizes, "*Ce qui devait sortir du Cubisme*." *Coll.* Vulgar synonym for modern art. *Phil.* The ultimate mechanization of the painter's materials, i. e., color and line; differs, however, from useful mechanics in that, while the engineer is rather concerned to make a thing that will work and hardly stops to consider whether it looks like a machine, the cubist starts with the latter preoccupation.

D

DADA—The malicious prank of a child who has been kept in school too long; an artist who begins to tire of his physics professors.

— **ISM**—The invention of a pedagogue who will not be really happy until all the world laughs, eats and sleeps in perfect unison.

DIMENSION—A word too simple of comprehension, if used alone, to be suitable for any but the most highbrow critics. Used preferably with numerals, as **TWO** —AL, **THREE** —AL, **FOUR** —AL. The last has become, since the discoveries of Mr. Einstein, increasingly popular and may now be used in polite circles without fear.

DISTORTION—A useful epithet for any rendering of nature which does not conform to the notions of one's grandfather. With the rapid exhaustion of our communal stock of surprise, however, the word's empire is passing rapidly westward. *Phil.* The artist's response to his perception that disparate objects at moments and under given conditions strive to attain a unity.

DIVISIONISM—A formula by which, as M. Paul Signac has so ably pointed out, it is almost impossible to go wrong. The difficulty is, as M. Signac has also shown, to be more than respect-

ably right. A gold mine for the billboard painter when, twenty years hence, he shall discover it. A modified form, embodying all the drawbacks with few of the advantages, is the latest thing in the academies, threatening to drive our venerable Barbizons clean out of the field. Discovered before 1820. Perfected 1888.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP—"The probity of art," said M. Ingres, to which professors of every tinge answer "Amen." Must not be confused, however, with the ability to draw a straight line, a perfect circle, or a series of curves resembling a lovely lady in her natural garment. Beginners are cautioned against a too lavish use of the word, as it is one of the few qualities which allows of almost accurate measurement. If circumstances demand, the French word is even more impressive and much safer. See *Appendix A. French for the critic and man about town*.

DYNAMIC—One of the qualities most admired in foreign artists. Used with the soulful "So" in all artistic drawing rooms. Used critically (as contrasted with the more common use as an exclamation of rapture) one should be careful to distinguish whether the — quality is in the brush of the painter or in his brain. This however, is only necessary with very simple or highly sophisticated people. See also under **SLAVONIC**, **SOUL**.

— **SYMMETRY**—With **SYNCHROMISM** (*q. v.*) and the silk stocking America's most considerable contribution to art theory. Constructed on the simple form of the leaf, it claims to endow any work based thereon with something of the leaf's rightness and upward aspiration. Examination of such works, however, seems to suggest that the cooks forgot the raising powder.

E

ELLIS ISLAND—See Royal Cortissoz on ——— Art. The unfortunate thing is that these *immigrés* get naturalized so quickly that one can do nothing against them. Now that the Monetians and Degasians have conquered the academy native American painters don't get a chance.

EMOTION—A most valuable euphemism for use in polite circles. As it so rarely gets into painting one can only suppose that the artist uses it elsewhere to better purpose. Or perhaps his approach to the human heart is more subtle than critics give him credit for. See also under **NUDE**, **ROMANTIC**, **ZULOAGA**.

EMETIC—Pardon the transposition. Comes more naturally after.

EROTIC—The basis, say Messrs. Jung and Freud, of all art. With which dictum Greenwich Village concurs. But as it is at the bottom of most everything else, including Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building and Niagara Falls, we are not much further. Unless one explain thereby the fact that so few painters die of starvation.

ESOTERIC—A little secret between you and me. Your husband wouldn't understand anyway.

F

FACET—In critical use a synonym for angle, side, genre in describing a "gem of the painter's art."

FACILITY—A polite term for tricky technique. See ARTISTRY, BRUSHWORK.

FAME—The geometrical rate of progression of the price of a work of art. See ANTIQUE, AUTHENTIC, EXPERT.

FALLACY—Almost any theory of art which does not agree with the one you happen to hold. Since it is probable that no work of art has ever been created by the practice of any theory, any, including your own, can easily be disproved. See SCHOOLS.

FASHION—The kind of painting which the noisiest

critics, at any given time, say one ought to like. Also, "a combination of poster design and art, preserving the best features of both." See ZULOAGA.

FECUND—In critical parlance—is a complimentary term applicable to the imagination of a painter who depicts variations of two or more subjects.

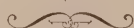
FILLIP—A sprightly word sufficiently old and unusual for use in the best critical discussions. Words such as this give that touch of informality to the pronouncements of the arbiter by which, without being too condescending, he hopes to keep his readers awake.

FINE ARTS—Colloquial term invented for the benefit of large public collections of plaster casts, second-rate painting and sculpture.

FLATULENCE—Teapot tempest productive of nuances, tones and atmosphere. See ACADEMY.

FLY-SPECK—Blemishes on a ceiling worth hundreds of dollars on a work of art. See ANTIQUE, AUTHENTIC, EXPERT.

FRENCH—A few words of this language are essential to every critic. Which words does not particularly matter. Sprinkled through a review like paprika over a baked potato they add that touch of *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes the professional critic from the amateur of art.



NOTICE TO READERS

IT SHOULD be evident that the compilation of a dictionary of art terms to include all even of the most important is a labor of tremendous magnitude. Because it is their desire to omit nothing which may prove useful to the lecturer, writer or conversationalist on art, the editors have decided to ask the readers of this magazine to submit definitions of such words as they may have found essential to a critical vocabulary.

Definitions so submitted should be addressed to the Associate Editor, International Studio, 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Those which, in the judgment of the editors, are suitable will be published in this department

with the name of the contributor. They will be paid for at the rate of One Dollar (\$1.00) for each definition used.

Rejected definitions will in no case be returned, nor can the editors enter into correspondence about them.

The fact that several words have already been published under A, B, C, D, E and F does not mean that the compilers of this work consider that the published vocabulary is complete. We are as eager to receive new words beginning with those letters or better definitions of the words already published as to explore the mysteries of Z.—THE EDITORS.



BUST OF MRS. N.

BY JO DAVIDSON

A Woman's Bust by Jo Davidson

AFTER his recent amazingly understanding portrayals of men, of complex masculine vitalities, we find Jo Davidson's bust of Mrs. N. equal in sincerity and free from all of the stylizations and concessions which belittled some of his earlier portraits of women. We again feel that spiritual transfusion which made the busts of Rockefeller and Vauclain alive, and we are left with the illusion that the sitter had done most of the work by letting her soul be put in a new shrine.

But the bust of Mrs. N., though like others made to command, seems the most convincing of Davidson's sculptures. It is like a tale which could not remain untold. At first contemplation one wonders if one had not known it since childhood, so out-ranking is its esthetic appeal. There is a devotional, searching humbleness in the modeling of this beautiful head which recalls the monastic dreamers—as if our master had despaired of solving his problem.—KARL FREUND.

HELMETS of FIVE CENTURIES

OF ALL THE many parts of a suit of armor the helmet is the most beautiful work of the armorer's antique craft. From a purely utilitarian head defence of the simplest basin-

like form it grew, in the sixteenth century, to be a marvelous work both in respect to shape and ornamentation, prized by kings and great nobles

and now among the chief treasures of museums and private collections. These beauties of form and craftsmanship were carried down even to the helmets worn by the foot soldiers, those of the royal guards being second only to the helms worn by the emperors or kings they served. And it is for the reason that the helmet makes the readiest appeal to the uninitiated in the multifold mysteries of armor as a fine art that the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave an exhibition in the summer of 1924 of a collection of European helmets dating from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, the only parallel to which was the show arranged by the Archeological Society in London in 1880. Borrowed

for this exhibition chiefly from the private collections of the Armor and Arms Club this exhibition displayed the development of the helmet in an orderly manner from the era of William the Conqueror to that of the Emperor Charles V and Cromwellian times.

Genuine pieces of armor are rare for several reasons. Armies were smaller in those days than in more modern times and of these bodies of troops not all wore metal body protections. Armor was costly and took a long time in the making, three years being spent on some of the finest suits. When

It would be impossible to reproduce today these superb examples of the medieval armorer's craftsmanship

BERNARD TEEVAN

tactics both commanders and soldiers relegated body armor to the place of souvenirs of the military uniforms of the past. Composed as it was of

materials that disintegrated unless properly cared for, European armor gradually disappeared from general sight and knowledge, some pieces being recovered in the form of a mass of rust-covered plates or even, as in the case of one very famous helmet, as a meal-scoop in a little German shop. As an illustration of how completely some types of armor have disappeared there was in this Metropolitan Museum collection an example of the conical nasal helmet of the kind worn by William the Conqueror and his soldiers, best known through their pictures in the Bayeux tapestry and in shape very like the leather head protection with nose-guard worn by our football players. Only

six of these Norman helmets of the tenth to twelfth centuries are in existence, the particular one in the Metropolitan exhibition having been

dredged out of the bed of the river Thames in England.

Developed from this type was the helmet worn by the Crusaders and technically called a *basinet*, this word being derived from the *basin* which it was supposed to resemble. As our illustration shows, the basinet gave additional protection to the front and sides of the face as well as the head, besides making the wearer of it more easily recognized, helmets gen-



CRUSADER'S HELMET OF BASINET SHAPE
TENTH TO TWELFTH CENTURY

ARMET À RONDELLE SHOWING EARLIEST VISOR
AND PIN FOR LIFTING IT





GERMAN SALADE, FORGED OF SINGLE PIECE OF STEEL WITH SLOT FOR VISOR

erally being the most complete disguise ever conceived by man. From the viewpoint of working with metal a basinet of this type is an extraordinary piece of craftsmanship since it is fashioned out of one piece of steel and of uniform thickness from lower edge to pointed top. What is described as "the most beautiful helmet devised by the art of the armorer" is the type called *armet à rondelle*, the earliest style in which the head and face were completely protected, leaving only a slotted opening for sight. The pin on the side of the visor was placed there so that the wearer might raise the visor to get more air and also that he might be recognized, this operation being performed with the back of the right hand, a custom out of which grew the military salute as we know it today. The metal band at the lower edge of the *armet* with its row of holes is there for the purpose of attaching the neck defence of metal links called the *camaille*, this being the last type of helmet with which the *camaille* was used. This *armet* serves to point out that not a little of armor knowledge is lost to the world for the exact purpose of the circular plate attached to the rear of the helmet is not known, although it may be there as a rest for the visor when completely thrown back, that being one way in which the visor is shown to work.

From the viewpoint of protection all helmets up

to this time were notably weak insofar as defense of the neck was concerned. Before the year 1400 the basinet was improved by the addition of the visor, as shown in the *armet* just described, and the substitution of a steel collar for the *camaille* which placed the weight of the helmet in part on the shoulder. Then was developed a form called a *salade*, from the German word for our "shell." The one we reproduce shows how



JOUSTING HELMET THAT WAS BOLTED TO BODY ARMOR

the idea of deflecting a blow away from the neck was carried out by the spreading lower part of the helmet. This *salade*, with its slot for a visor, is also forged from a single piece of metal and is regarded with the most profound admiration by armor pundits. Its profiled view shown here is markedly reminiscent of the helmets worn by the German soldiers in the recent World War.

Where European peoples today play such varied games as polo, tennis, golf;



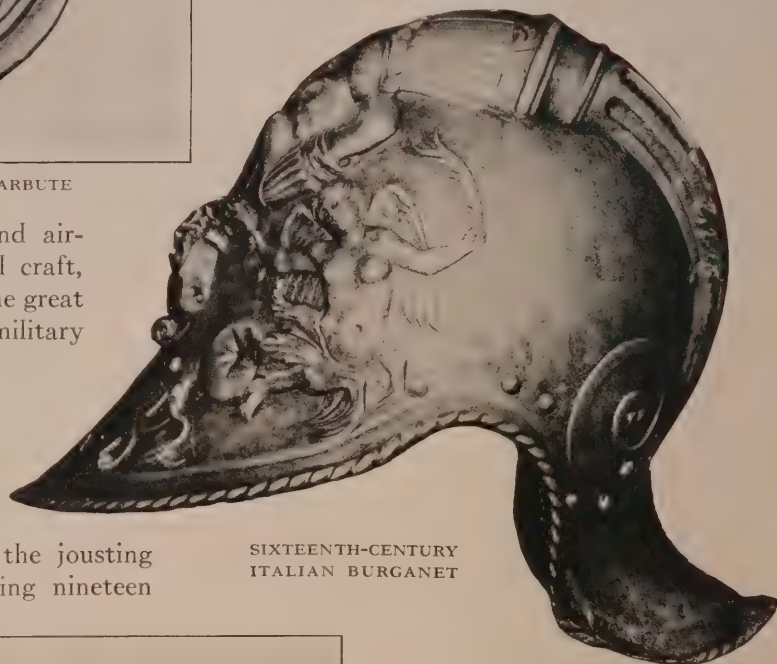
JOUSTING SALADE WITH ETCHED INITIALS



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN BARBUTE

race horses, automobiles, yachts and airplanes; punt, row and paddle small craft, the fashionable world of Europe in the great days of armor knew of nothing but military sports, chief of which was jousting on foot or horseback. The thrusting impact of a great wooden lance or the blow of a sword needed all the protection that specially devised armor could give and so we have such a monstrous development as the jousting helmet shown here, a piece weighing nineteen

pounds and securely bolted to the body armor. A quilted cap was worn inside such a helmet, the one inside the helmet we illustrate having been copied from an original in the great Vienna armory. A more finely decorated example is the jousting *salade* with a decorated comb and what are believed to have been the initials of the noble for whom the helmet was made—"M. L."—etched in relief around the edge of the bowl. When a knight, wearing a suit of armor as went with jousting helmets such as these, was thrown down by his opponent he was perfectly helpless until his squires came to



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY
ITALIAN BURGONET



his relief, either setting him up on his feet or upright on his horse if he was not too much overcome. In the case where these jousting helmets were shown was a contemporary watercolor drawing showing two mounted knights, after meeting and breaking their spears against each other's armor, lying back on the cruppers of their chargers in a perfectly helpless condition, one squire shown as he is about to straighten up his master on his horse.

Since such military combats dominated the world of fashion of those centuries it was inevitable that the beautifying of

"COCK'S COMB" ARMET WITH COCK'S
HEAD VISOR



ENGLISH CAVALIER'S HELMET, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

the uniforms of the kings and their courtiers should follow. Practically all outdoor ceremonies of that world were military in character and as today when a military unit parades its members wear dress uniforms, so in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries particularly armor grew to be of surpassing richness and variety, the helmets naturally leading in these features. That was the reason for the creation of such a helmet as the Italian fifteenth-century *barbute* illustrated here, its bowl covered with a dull olive velvet and enriched with borders of gilded bronze. A century

AUGSBURG HELMET GILDED AND ETCHED



GERMAN ARMET EMBOSSED WITH COMBATS AND FIGURES

later were made such marvelous examples of bizarre form and remarkably artistic embossing as the "cock's comb" *armet* pictured here, dating from 1530, and the Italian *burganet*, dating from about 1545, its median ridge fashioned into the figure of the god of war with female figures on either side of the front. Of more strictly military appearance, but quite as remarkable for the high artistic merits of their etching and gilding is the sixteenth-century helmet pictured here and the German *armet*, dating from about 1590, profusely embossed with combats and allegorical figures.

Contemporary civil fashions occasionally affected the style of armor. A curious illustration of this is to be seen in a Cavalier's hat of steel dating from England about 1645 where the influence of civil fashion worked against the real spirit of armor design which was the achievement of the most perfect protection possible with the greatest ease to the wearer. Compared to any of the types of helmets illustrated here this Cavalier's hat has many faults, its picturesqueness and savor of its times being its only justifications.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

EARLY CHINESE BRONZES. By Albert J. Koop. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$30.

ALBERT J. KOOP, who is assistant-keeper in the department of metalwork in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has added a volume to the rapidly increasing, although still small, number of books in English on Chinese art. His present monograph is the first on bronze, although Leigh Ashton's book on Chinese sculpture and the coming introduction to Chinese art announded by the *Burlington Magazine* both embrace the same subject.

Mr. Koop makes an important contribution to the classification of ancient bronzes by his division according to style rather than period. The well-marked characteristics developed during the reign of the Chou dynasty might very well appear on a piece from the succeeding dynasties of Ch'in or Han, side by side with pieces in the newer styles. The fact that each of the four great bronze styles was evolved during the four dynasties of Chou, Ch'in, Han and T'ang makes it feasible to use these names in describing the style without inferring that the piece is thereby placed within certain chronological boundaries. It is practically impossible to say just when a bronze was actually produced, for the provenance of so few pieces is known, and the final refuge of the attributer, the patina, is not always to be relied upon.

Each of the four styles, Chou, Ch'in, Han and T'ang, is described separately and in detail, and there is also a dictionary of types of bronze vessels and other objects to the number of fifty-five. Almost all bronze vessels had a part in some ritual in the sacrifice of food or wine and had definitely prescribed forms and usages. A key to the pronunciation of their Chinese names is a boon to the student who finds such terms as *chueh*, *lei*, *tsun* or *bsien* more picturesque than pronounceable.

The book includes very fine, large collotype reproductions of more than a hundred examples of bronzes in a number of European public and private collections. A few are in color, showing the variety of hues taken by the patina. Fully half of the text consists of a catalogue of the pieces illustrated.

THE HERITAGE OF COTTON. By M. D. C. Crawford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, \$7.50.

THE STORY of cotton, "the fiber of two worlds and many ages" as Mr. Crawford calls it, has many ramifications in political and artistic history. It has figured ubiquitously in commerce, agriculture and art, has been a tie between alien people, has brought industrial supremacy to some and poverty to others; it is an immortal figure, appearing among practically all peoples and yet attached to none, so that its history has something of an epic character.

The book avows itself to be non-technical so far as the discussion of various processes of spinning, weaving and dyeing permits. Beginning with the pre-historic appearance of cotton fabric in India and in pre-Inca Peru, where in its infancy it set standards which we have never surpassed, Mr. Crawford traces it through medieval Europe and into the New World, completing the record with an

account of the inventions in this country and England which gave to English-speaking peoples a control of the industry which they still possess. The conclusion of the tale is, however, not final. What will be the future of cotton? It is in the hope of persuading manufacturers and designers to look upon cotton as "one of the subtlest mediums of art" that Mr. Crawford writes his book. Our present-day fabrics in no way approach the miracles of weaving found in the grave clothes of ancient Peru, nor can they rival the loveliness of the Dacca muslins of India. In order that there may be another golden age of cotton textiles, the designer of the future must be more than a creator of patterns. He must understand the machine, must work with the technician, must in fact combine the functions of the historian of art, the draftsman, the technician and the style expert all in one.

A bibliography, illustrations and a chronological outline of the history of cotton are valuable adjuncts to the text.

OLD ENGLISH SILVER. By W. W. Watts, F. S. A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$30.

THIS SUMPTUOUSLY appointed volume on old English silver, dedicated to "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," will gladden the hearts of all specialists in this field of art. The historical aspect of this ancient craft has been ably and sympathetically handled by W. W. Watts, formerly keeper of the Department of Metalwork in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and his interesting text is amplified and adorned with a set of one hundred and thirty-four plates embodying the careful reproduction of perhaps four or five times that number of individual objects in silver.

The matter of silversmithing in England appears to have had none too great attention paid it by historians, archeologists or art writers in the past, so that Mr. Watts' labors in this department have a decided *raison d'être* at the start. The volume is concisely developed, tracing with the help of the illustrations the course of the silversmiths and their wares from the very beginnings in medieval times through the German period in the sixteenth century and the more English stage under the early Stuart sovereigns, then into the stern simplicities of the Cromwellian days and the later extravagancies of the Restoration, passing through the plain period of Anne and George I to the classical development of style in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The history of silver has a distinctly romantic cast to it. From the free beginnings in the monasteries and its subsequent segregation in the guilds—the earliest band of English goldsmiths to be so classified was one of 1180—the silver craft played an important part in the ceremonial life of the country, reflecting the various tastes and whimsies of each period as the nation progressed. While circumstance has caused the disappearance of much of the earliest silver, enough remains to piece out the early chapters of the workers in this metal. Mr. Watts takes his tale of English silver as far back as the seventh century, then on through the glorious days of a rising art until the beginning of the sixteenth century when London's Cheapside became the "chief city of this our city" and its fame spread all over Europe, and so through the reign of George

IV. Three final chapters are devoted to the study of ecclesiastical plate, an important phase of silver craft in England, and there are indexes and lists of hall marks for reference at the end.

MY LIFE IN ART. *By Constantin Stanislavsky.*
Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$6.

WHILE the story of the origin of the Moscow Art Theater in a group of amateurs led by Stanislavsky forms the essence of the narrative of this unusual book of memoirs, the impression that remains is of the progress of Stanislavsky himself, but since without him the Theater would probably never have come into being, it may be that no definite line can be drawn between the history of the institution and the development of the man.

This book, then, is preeminently the history of an artist; outside of his career as an actor the incidents of his life appear only in briefest mention, but everything that has reference to his overcoming of the problems of the actor is told in detail. The means by which he finally learned to "fill the inner emptiness on the stage which is so terrible to the actor" are unfolded in all their arduous acquiring.

"There are no small parts, there are only small actors." "One must love art, and not one's self in art." It was on the ground of such ideals as these that Stanislavsky, still connected with his amateur organization, met with Nemirovich-Danchenko in their fifteen-hour conference which resulted in the opening of the Moscow Art Theater in 1898. With such a grasp of basic principles, applicable in all arts, it is not surprising that Stanislavsky should be capable of making this remark on the art of criticism—"Any one could blame a thing, but it took a specialist to praise it." This is only another instance of the breadth of vision which makes the book interesting, not only to those who love the theater but to all who are sensitive to the unity that binds the various forms of art into one.

ANTIQUES, THEIR RESTORATION AND PRESERVATION. *By A. Lucas. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$2.*

SINCE the writer of this book was formerly director of the Chemical Department, Egypt, and for two seasons has been helping with the cleaning and preservation of the objects from the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, this small volume at once assumes an importance for archeologists, museum curators and collectors. The literature on this subject is slight, and in general must be pursued through magazine articles or followed into some work in a foreign tongue.

While the author avows his book to be an elementary one, it is admirably specific. It is also non-technical, so far as is possible. He tells how to clean various kinds of objects, whether water may be used, or petroleum spirit or alcohol, acetone, benzol or pyridine, and in mentioning what may be used he is always careful to state what may not be used, which, in working with antiques, is fully half the story. How to protect objects from light when they must remain on view in museums is another interesting subject, along with the overcoming of all the other forces of decay, such as bacteria, dust, fungi and moisture, so that the question of saving antiques becomes a veritable drama with the archeologist as the champion of the past. Mr. Lucas considers the special needs of such substances as alabaster, amber, basket work, beads, clay and faience,

feathers, hair, gesso, plaster, glass, ivory, bone and horn, enamel, the various metals, paper and papyrus, pictures, pottery, stone, textiles and wood, so that one may present a definite problem to this little book and be reasonably assured of some definite answer. A list of reagents giving the solutions required and their uses forms a part of the concluding chapter on physical and chemical tests.

CHARLES FRASER. *By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. Price, \$12.75.*

A SIGNAL service is rendered the cause of art by the faithful monographers who rise in affectionate concern to the point of producing the little memorial volumes to the lesser luminaries of the chisel and brush. Without these compendiums there would be many gaps in the records of artistic achievements of a really serious nature. The monograph on Charles Fraser comes, therefore, with special significance for the miniaturist and with a large measure of interest for all students of American arts and manners in the nineteenth century.

A sketch of Fraser's life takes up the first part of this monograph, giving graphic glimpses of the atmosphere, influences, and friendships of his early days in Charleston, South Carolina, where Sully, Washington Allston and Malbone were his frequent companions, and of his law studies and his half-century of artistic development; while the latter part of the volume deals with some two dozen of his miniatures in the style of a catalogue raisonné. From the early likenesses done in 1800 for pleasure to the distinctive miniatures of 1830 and 1840, Fraser's artistic career is carefully developed. Written by Carolinians, this monograph is a happy combination of fact and affection, giving a picture of not only the artist but the man as well. The volume, which is fully illustrated, is the only "Life" of Fraser, and is the first of a series of monographs devoted to the greatest of the early American miniaturists.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING RHYTHMIC. *By Jo Pennington. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.90.*

FEW WORDS pertaining to the arts have been more abused than "rhythm." Many writers, at a loss for something to say, drop it into a sentence along with "cosmic" in the hope that it will mean something. So it is with great relief that one finds a book about rhythm, written sanely and with evident understanding. Primarily it is an exposition of the theories of Jaques Dalcroze, theories which Walter Damrosch, in his preface to this book, says "would let daylight into many a dark torture chamber of the ordinary teaching of music." And although the chief concern of the book is with rhythm as applied to musical education there is no doubt that education by and in rhythm is capable of awakening a feeling for art. So far as pictorial, architectural and sculptural art is concerned, it is not enough that there be schools in which the representation of lines, color, light and shade, relief and grouping are taught. The students of these schools must be trained to respond with their whole beings to the rhythmic movement that animates works of art.

And before everything students must be initiated into the sensations that have inspired the composition of these works, the movement that gave life to their emotions and the rhythm which has regulated and refined them.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

POTTERY, one of the most ancient and interesting of all arts, is important not only from the standpoint of beauty, but because it conveys, in an intricate and fascinating way, the many intimate facts of history and civilization, otherwise often unrecorded. The Persian potters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while using the methods of previous periods, invented a new technique, that of overglaze painting, known today as the Rhages polychrome pottery. This pottery has a wider range of subjects and technical possibilities than other Persian potteries, and this assigns it to a particularly important place in the history of Mohammedan potteries, as well as in the history of art in Persia. The epithet "Royal" was



RHAGES BOWL, TWELFTH CENTURY
Courtesy of M. Dawod Benzaria

bestowed on these wares by treasure hunters, who claim that they were substitutes for the golden vessels that were forbidden by Islam, and this inference is justified by their gorgeousness. The Rhages technique is not so much a ceramic as a pictorial process—a kind of delicate miniature painting on pottery. Also, it is an interesting supposition that the artists who did this work were the same ones who illuminated manuscripts. An extremely rare and important piece of Rhages polychrome pottery of the twelfth century is illustrated here, and is in the possession of M. Dawod Benzaria, the well-known collector of Persian antiques. This bowl is seven inches in circumference, and three inches in depth. The colors are gold, red, ivory, black and blue, and the border is of Cufic inscriptions.

WHEN the city of Jerusalem was captured by the British under General Allenby, in 1917, there was begun a revival of one of the oldest of the Arab arts, tile making, which originated in the island of Rhodes, several centuries before the Christian era. Probably the best example of Arab tile work extant today is on the outer walls of the Mosque of Omar, which was built in 691 A. D., and stands on the site of King Solomon's Temple. It was with the idea of restoring the missing tiles on the Mosque that the British sought to unearth the secrets of the ancient process, and, to make a long story short, the work was finally started in the same ovens where nearly five



REPRODUCTION OF AN ARABIC VASE
Courtesy of the American Colony Store

centuries ago the Arabs painted and baked their pottery. The American Colony Store of New York, with the co-operation of the Palestine authorities, has imported these tiles and potteries to the United States for the first time, and they are quickly finding their way into homes and places where the beauty of the East harmonizes with that of the New World. The vase illustrated is an example of the reproduced Arab pottery. On a soft cream background is a design showing the Byzantine Cross, which was copied from tiles in a mosque of Jerusalem. The beautifully blended colors are turquoise blue, dark blue, old red and green. The height is eleven inches, circumference five inches. In this interesting shop one finds rare antiques, Arabic silver, old amber, embroideries and silks—truly a remarkable collection of the arts of Jerusalem, both modern and ancient.

BECAUSE of the great amount of time he devoted to writing, Sheraton worked only twenty years as an actual maker of furniture, and produced less than any of his contemporary cabinetmakers, but he left more

SHERATON MUSIC CABINET
Courtesy of "The House of Wedding Presents"



impress upon English furniture than any other man except Chippendale. Although decidedly influenced by contemporary French ideas and ideals, his style was recognized as decidedly his own, and the "Sheraton School" was clearly defined. Always poor and struggling, yet due to his genius, and to the fortunate fact that he had friends at court, he was frequently sought when a masterpiece was wanted, and he executed orders for the most distinguished establishments and collectors of England. In "The House of Wedding Presents," Miss Higgs has the music cabinet shown here, which was made by Sheraton for the Earl of Harcourt, and was recently bought from the Harcourt collection. It is of age-darkened rosewood, delicately inlaid with brass, and the feet are bronze. Each detail is a joy, and every line and curve bespeaks the light sure touch of a master artist. Without the slightest change of face, this cabinet adopts itself to ultra-modern life. The cupboard measures perfectly for a radio, and the side doors open, by the touch of secret buttons, to receive victrola records.

PERHAPS to the modern mind nothing is more inexplicable and awe inspiring than the infinite patience and unending labor contributed by individuals of the old world toward the production of beauty. Ecclesiastical vestments have ever had lavished upon them the devoted



SPANISH COPE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
Courtesy of Callingham & Lloyd

effort of artists, especially during the religious fanaticism of the middle ages, and many of these are now being plucked from their moorings by eager collectors, to serve various purposes in everyday life. Numerous indeed are the ways in which their intricate designs and gorgeous colors may be used to enhance the surroundings of appreciative laymen. At the gallery of Bernard Callingham and Lemuel Lloyd in the Heckscher Building there is on exhibition a recently imported collection, remarkable in its scope and quality. It consists of church vestments, court robes and samplers, and was gathered over a period of years from Spain, Italy, France and England. Notable among these treasures is the Spanish cope portrayed here, which measures eight and one-half feet across. It is of cloth of silver, with a foliated design in thread of twenty-two-carat gold. The upper border in similar texture introduces floral motifs in silks of brilliant and indescribable colors. The hood, which bears the coat-of-arms of a cardinal, is held in place by hand-wrought silver clasps, and underneath is the embroidered inscription, "Michael Molero, Toletanus. Fecit. Toleti. Anno. 1770." The shimmering radiance of the whole creation bears mute witness, not only to "the glory that was Rome," but to

the love and labor that fashioned its habiliments. One turns from this, only to be almost bewildered by beauty of color and fabric. A Venetian chasuble, of cream brocade with a scroll design in dull pink, and gold thread—a gold and silver tissue court dress, once the Duchess of Grafton's—a table cover made from a royal purple velvet robe—a multi-colored altar cloth—Spanish samplers, worked with unbelievable minuteness—and so on through a long list of things that are too beautiful to forget or to describe adequately. One must see them to appreciate the beauty that lives in Spanish craft work. For in it, particularly in the textiles, is united the richness of Oriental design and color and the more austere Western feeling for line and mass.

IT HAS BEEN a long time since the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Dutch and Portuguese traders first brought wall paper from China to Europe, yet in France today no wall papers are more highly prized than those showing Chinese influence. Chinese papers were wonderful in color, beauty of design and balance of composition, but lacked perspective. This the French supplied, creating what is known as Franco-Chinese papers—a whimsical combination, so charmingly decorative that it has a permanent artistic value and appeal. Late in the eighteenth century began the epoch of scenic wall papers, which were brought into special prominence by Jean Zuber and Joseph Dufour. Zuber had the honor to be the only manufacturer in the provinces who rivaled the productions of the Parisian makers, and he has to his credit a long list of successful scenic papers, all made in his own factory at Rixheim, Alsace, where they are still produced, by hand, from the same wood blocks that were used in the beginning. The W. H. S. Lloyd Company import these famous papers, and the illustration shows one of many interesting ways in which they use them. This screen is made of "Décor Chinois," the Zuber version of a Chinese design, printed in natural colors, with a background that suggests the freshness and sunlight of spring. It is five feet high, of solid construction, and is glazed all over. Representing the cumulative art of several centuries and countries, it strikes a final note of sophisticated beauty.

SCREEN OF "DÉCOR CHINOIS"
Courtesy of W. H. S. Lloyd Co.



THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

THE APRIL issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be more than usually international in content. Spain, England, France, Finland and America will all be represented. Most important among the articles from England, or inspired by English work, will be an essay by Arnold Bennett which he has called *Pictures and Music*. It is a criticism not so much of pictures as of our attitude toward them. Most of us, Mr. Bennett believes, have never learned to see pictures at all; we only, and that rarely, look at them. That there is great pleasure to be derived from art if only we have a little understanding of what it is all about is unquestionably true; it is equally true that it is a pleasure which many miss. Mr. Bennett has a suggestion, so simple that, as he says, you may at first think it ridiculous, as to how that lack may be overcome and how even those whose appreciative faculty is well developed may increase the delight they get from pictures. To even hint at his suggestion here would be to spoil the enjoyment you will have in reading his essay.

THE NAME of Seurat is known wherever art is discussed, but, partly because there are so few of them and these infrequently published, the productions of this artist are not nearly so well known as are those of many lesser men. He died while still a young man, leaving only a limited amount of work behind. For the next number of this magazine Guy Eglington has contributed an article which is a biographical and critical study of the painter and his contributions to modern art.

THE AMAZING run on Zuloaga during the five weeks of his exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries in New York City has put his recent canvases under an especially close scrutiny. Unquestionably this distinguished Spanish painter comes to America at the very crest of the present craze for things Spanish. In fact he may be said to cap the "Spanish Hour" that has struck in America. Next month there will be a critical review by Ralph Flint of his recent New York exhibition in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and an attempt made to analyze the various whys and wherefores of this sensational incident in the art world. At times the throngs of visitors at the Reinhardt Galleries have been beyond the circumscribed capacities of this Fifth Avenue house; one Saturday the attendance mounted to more than fifty-five hundred. The Zuloaga furore recalls the tremendous popular interest in the Sorolla show of 1909 when the Hispanic Society's doors were besieged by enraptured throngs of over-night art patrons. Once in a blue moon something happens in the art world to catch the popular fancy and then you can't see the forest for the trees.

AMERICA knows little about the art of Finland, and what it does know is confined to the pictures of one or two

artists. Painting, however, is essentially international, too much so in modern times to reveal much of the inherent qualities of a people. But there is an ancient art in Finland, a manual art peculiar to the country, that is typical of the Finns—the art of the Rya, a beautiful, hand-knotted rug, used in the homes of the people usually as a wall tapestry. It is the work of the peasant-folk, done in the leisure of the long winters. Almost always it is dated, and the earliest known to survive bears the mark, 1705. Eugene Van Cleef, writing of them in the April number, says: "Connoisseurs

hold their colors as their greatest asset. The harmony in many instances is almost perfect. The colors are pure, soft, fresh, recalling the warm bright tones of an autumn landscape such as one may witness in a far northern country."

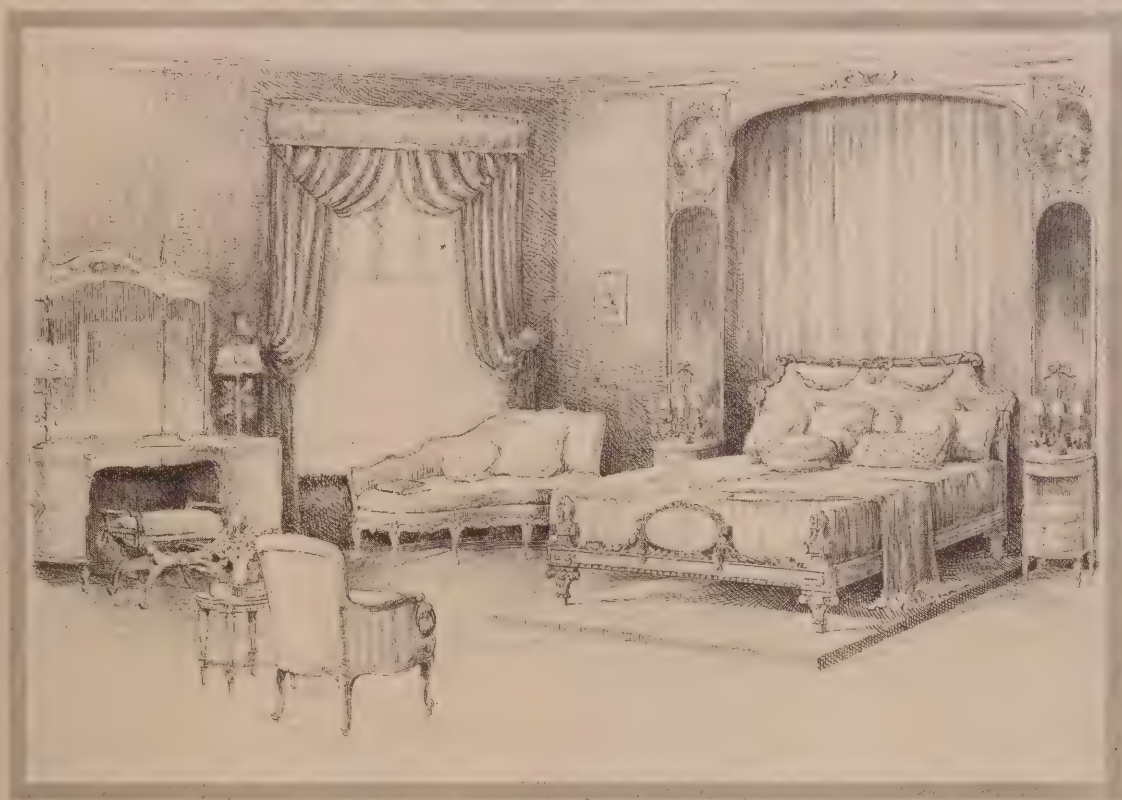
PROFESSOR WALTER R. AGARD considers *The Sculptural Portrait* in the April number in a richly illustrated treatise that stimulates critical thought.

He divides the portraiture of sculpture into three classes: the exact likeness of realism, in which the Romans excelled; the expression of character by the exaggeration of essentials and the elimination of accidental data, in which the Egyptians surpassed all others, and the conversion of the portrait into a work of art by so organizing the form as to create an esthetic expression, which is what the Greeks did in their golden age and what certain of the moderns are doing today. "A portrait may be more than a portrait," says the author, "it may be a work of art. That is to say, regardless of its similarity to a model, it may be so constructed in terms of line and mass that it will be a source of esthetic delight." This is an article which will appeal to the artist and the art-lover alike.

MOST of the Spanish artists with whose work we are familiar are painters of figures chiefly. In the great majority of their canvases, from El Greco to Zuloaga, landscape is introduced only as a background. Fortuny is the only one with whom we first associate unpopulated pictures. Ballesteros de Martos, one of the foremost critics in Spain, has written an account of a young painter who is more concerned with the mountains and cities of his country than with its people. Gregorio Prieto has been honored in Spain but has yet to exhibit in America, and the illustrations to this article, which will appear in the April issue, will be the first showing of his work in this country.

THE "Portrait of Marie Antoinette," by Mme. Vigée Le Brun, is reproduced on the cover of this issue by courtesy of the Wildenstein Galleries.

Peyton Buzwell



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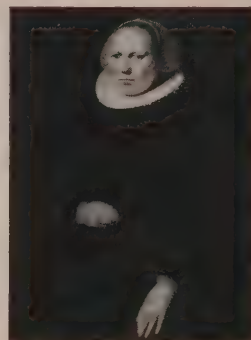


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DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER
April 1	New York	Southampton	Plymouth	Cunard	Mauretania
April 1	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Frederick VIII
April 1	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star-Dominion	Megantic
April 2	New York	Hamburg	Boulogne	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
April 3	St. Johns	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclair
April 4	St. Johns	Glasgow	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montreal
April 4	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
April 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Aurania
April 4	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Ascania
April 4	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	President Harding
April 4	New York	Göthenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Drottningholm
April 4	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homer
April 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
April 7	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	United American	Resolute
April 7	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	Republic
April 8	St. Johns	Antwerp	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
April 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
April 8	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
April 8	New York	Beirut	Azores	Fabre	Madonna
April 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
April 9	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth	Red Star	Zeeland
April 10	St. Johns	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclair
April 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
April 11	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Ausonia
April 11	New York	Hamburg	Queenstown	United American	Mount Clay
April 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
April 11	New York	Christiania	Bergen	Norwegian-American	Bergensfjord
April 11	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	Volendam
April 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
April 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
April 11	New York	Genoa	Naples	Lloyd Sabaud	Conte Verde
April 11	New York	London	Cherbourg	Atlantic Transport	Minnewaska
April 13	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
April 14	New York	Trieste	Azores	Cosulich	Martha Washington
April 14	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Bremen
April 15	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
April 15	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	America
April 15	New York	Havre	Direct	French	De Grasse
April 16	St. Johns	Antwerp	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Melita
April 16	New York	Hamburg	Boulogne	United American	Cleveland
April 16	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	United States
April 16	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
April 17	St. Johns	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
April 18	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Lancastria
April 18	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
April 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
April 18	New York	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Colombo
April 18	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	George Washington
April 18	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
April 18	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
April 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
April 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
April 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Royal Mail S. P.	Orbita
April 21	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
April 22	New York	Southampton	Plymouth	Cunard	Mauretania
April 22	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
April 23	St. Johns	Glasgow	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
April 23	New York	Göthenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Stockholm
April 25	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
April 25	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Saxonia
April 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
April 25	New York	Hamburg	Queenstown	Hamburg-American	Westphalia
April 25	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	President Roosevelt
April 25	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
April 25	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homer
April 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star-Dominion	Doric
April 25	New York	London	Cherbourg	Atlantic Transport	Minnetonka
April 25	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Royal Mail S. P.	Orduna
April 28	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Luetzow
April 28	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
April 30	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
April 30	Montreal	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
April 30	New York	Hamburg	Boulogne	Hamburg-American	Albert Ballin
April 30	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Oscar II
April 30	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	American	Mongolia
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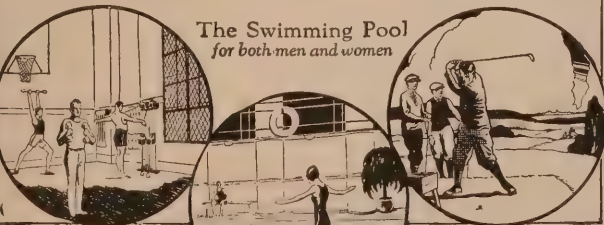
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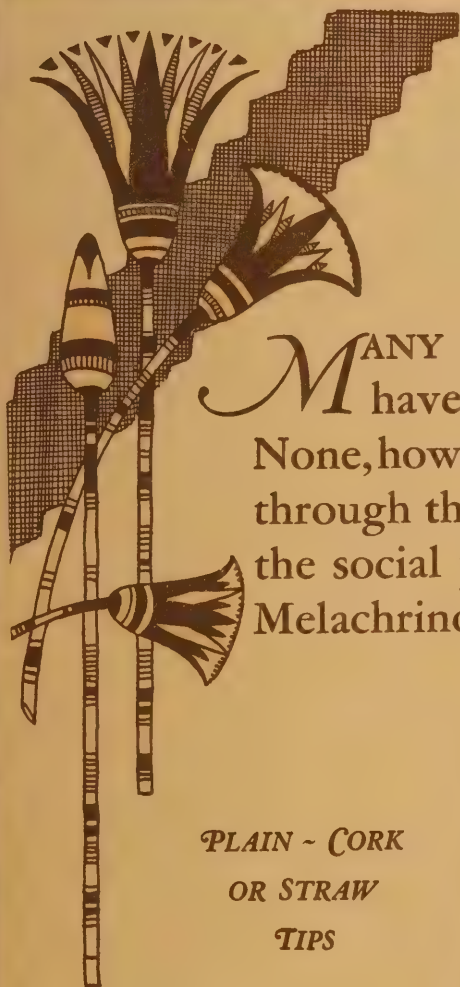
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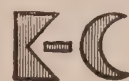


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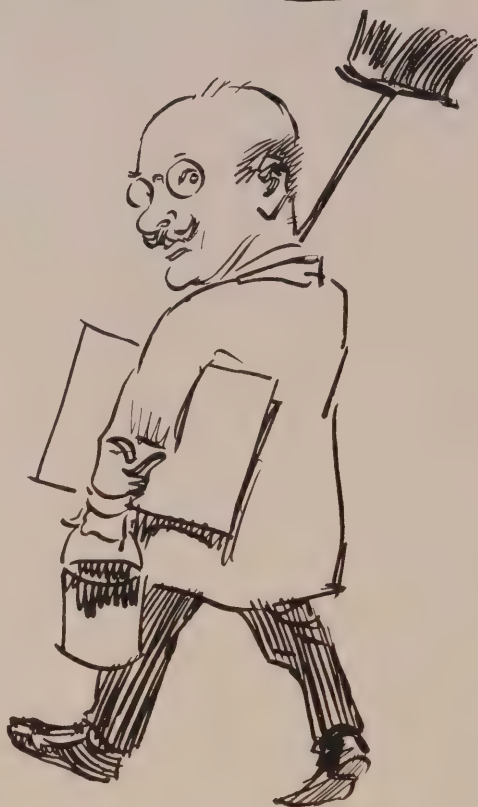
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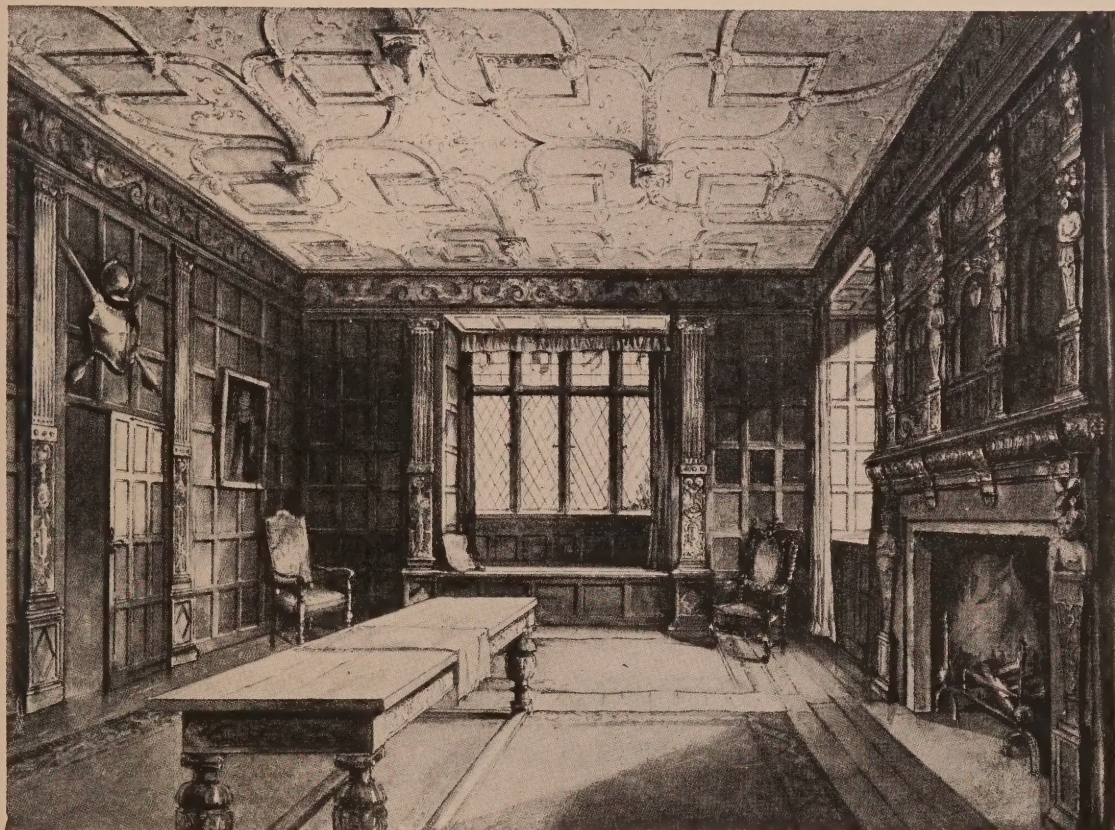
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